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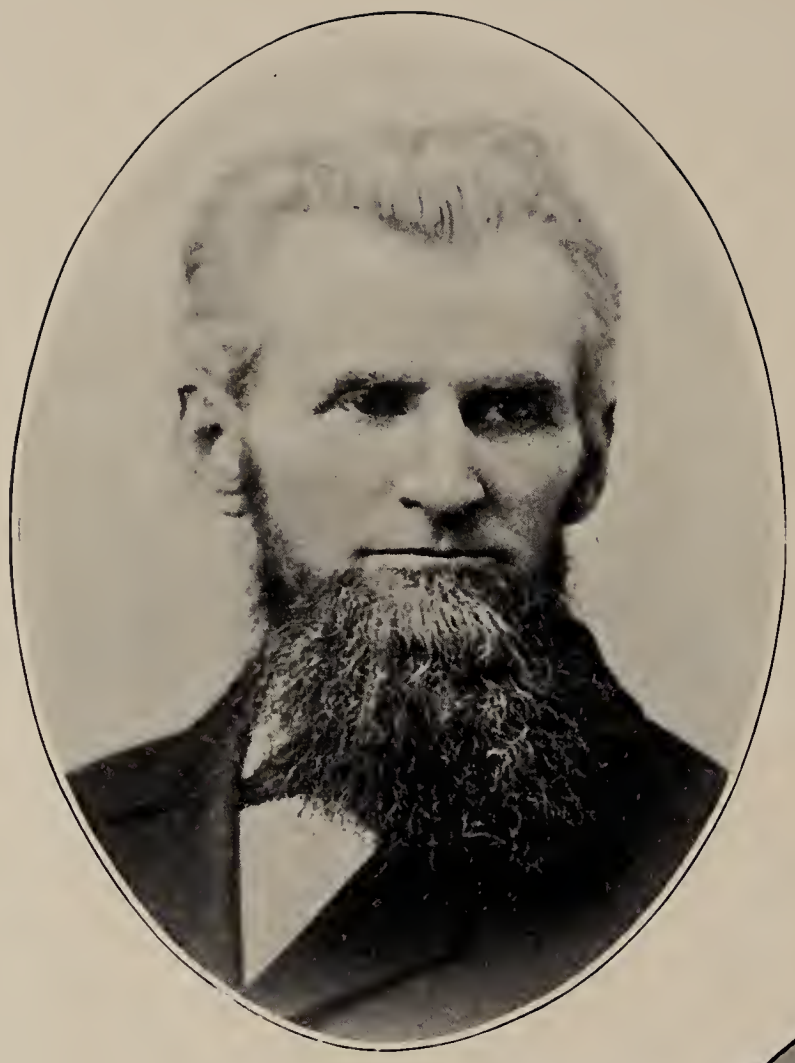
THE NARVA

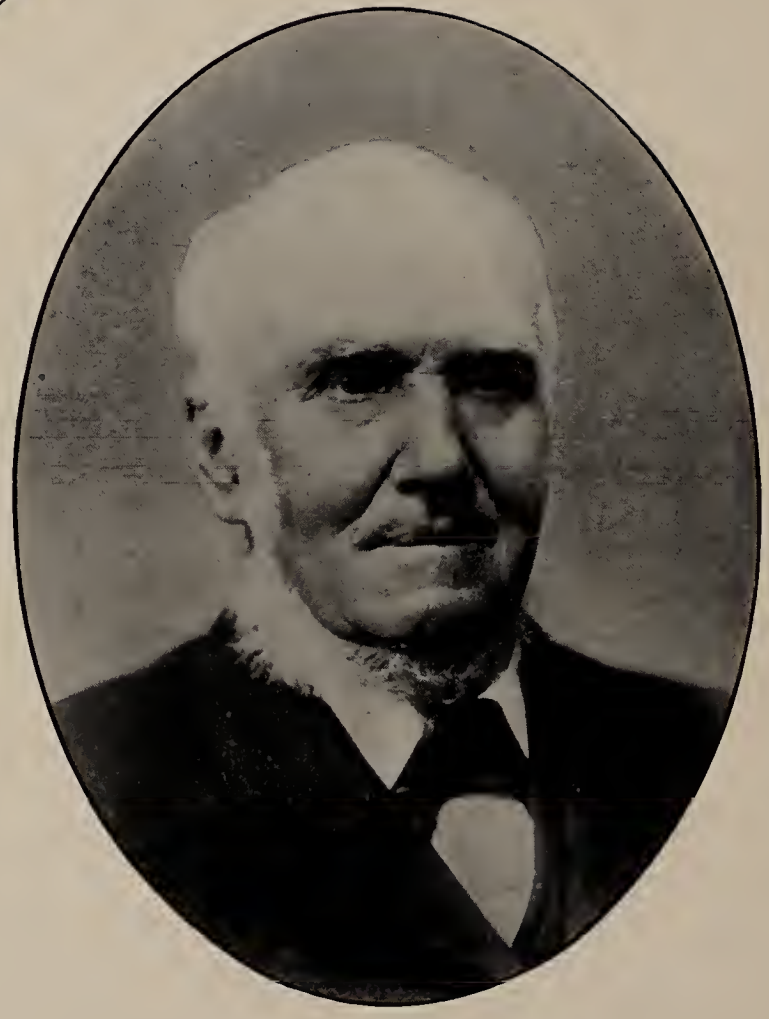
Published by the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eleven of Park College.

Parkville ~ Missouri

June ~ ~ ~ 1911



Dr. John A. McAfee



Col. Geo. S. Park

To the beloved founders of our institution, Dr. John A. McAfee and Col. Geo. S. Park, who, with fullness of vision and constancy of purpose, made possible the greater Park College and the ideals for which she stands, this volume is affectionately dedicated by the Class of Nineteen Eleven.

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Editorial

ANOTHER five years have rolled around since the publication of the last NARVA and it is with the customary feeling of reluctance and hesitation that the class of 1911 ventures into the lime light and presents this token of her willingness to take up and complete her share in the responsibilities of college life. Of course we could not hope to show forth our Alma Mater in all her activities and advancement in the past five years, so we shall only attempt to give you plenty of cuts of buildings and campus scenes that you may see Park pictured as she really is. As her ideals have been carried down to us from her founders, so we trust that this little book may, indeed, reflect the life of our college; that it may foster an harmonious equilibrium of general good will, and a sturdy spirit of loyalty to our institution. We wish to call particular attention to the literary work of our college, to oratory and debate. In the last five years Park has won every debate, eleven in all, getting thirty decisions from the thirty-three judges. It is not necessary to call attention to the Seniors—not that they necessarily command attention themselves, but realizing it was their last chance to play prominent roles, they have taken this means of gaining attention. If any of you have been given honorable mention please remember that only to the conspicuous belongs attention, and so if the modesty of any one has been offended by undue publicity, our only excuse is that the tale of your deeds will doubtless cause mirth and happiness to some care worn student or alumnus.

Our gratitude is hereby extended to the students, alumni, members of faculty and all others whose hearty co-operation and support have given us the material for these pages. We wish especially to thank those who have helped us in the artistic work. The drawings of Wilson, '14, are marked "C.W." Those of Rudkin, Academy, '12, by "T. A. R." White, '14, to whom we owe the dedication page, has his own mark on his drawings.

Our share of the labor is finished. We hope that through the NARVA you will become acquainted with our class, with its part of the college life, and above all,

that to the furthermost parts of the earth you may become acquainted with the inner life of Park College, its work, its play, its pleasures, its pursuits, its atmosphere and its ideals.

Hoping this publication will meet at least a cursory (not cuss) glance from you, and wishing for you, our fellow student, the worst thing possible—that you may become editor of your college book, we close with this advice: Begin early; cut class often; spare not the midnight oil; work zealously and the success of future NARVAS will be practically assured.

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James P. Tucker	Parkville, Mo.
Joseph E. McAfee	New York City, N. Y.
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E. C. Sooy	Kansas City, Mo.
R. B. Elliott	Parkville, Mo.
Dr. Geo. P. Baity	Kansas City, Mo.

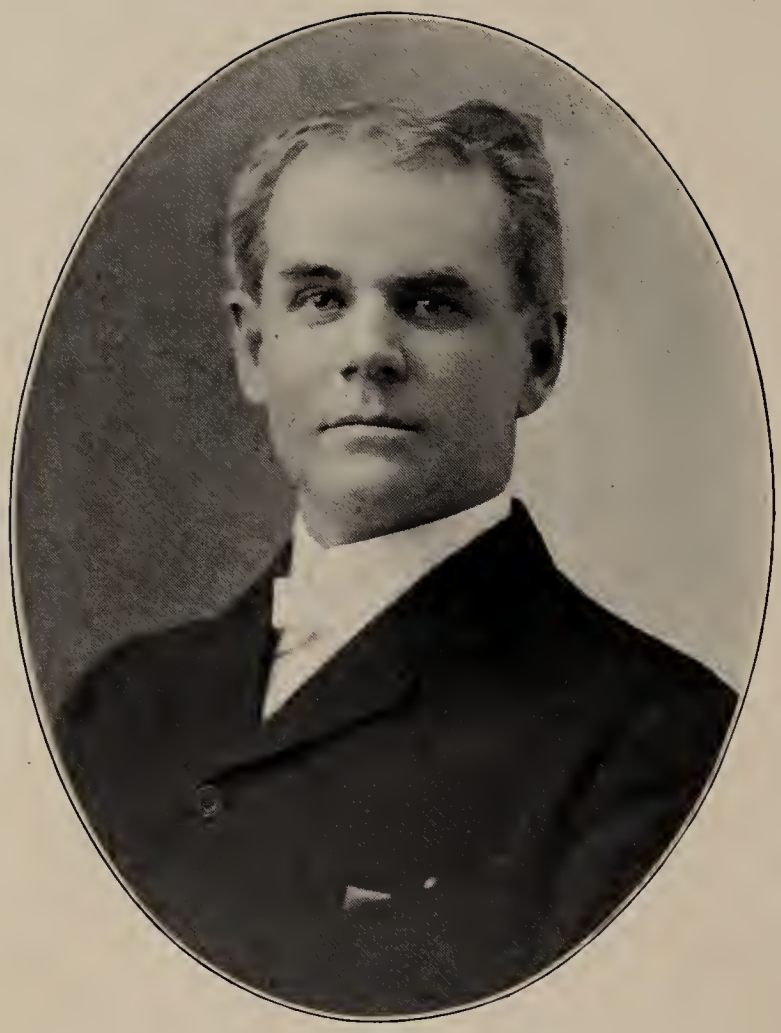
CHANGING and shifting, whirling and eddying, the student tide rushes by. A class moves into the stream, is caught by the swift current and hurried on to the vast sea, while a new class takes its place and follows the same course. In the midst of this changing, hurrying tide, stands a mighty rock, strong and immovable, unshaken by the passing stream. This rock is the faculty. To them we pay tribute. Without them our college days would be nought. We are the temporary element; they are the permanent. Some remain but a brief while, like the coral that builds on the rock, to be soon washed away, but many remain while class after class passes on and the student body is vitally changed.

From the faculty we receive our true inspirations. They teach us far more than schoolroom knowledge. Their sympathy and helpfulness and their strong faith lift us to a higher plane of living. They are our best ideals. By their aid we, who enter with foolish or vain desires, become soberer men and women and attain a loftier outlook upon life.

To pay individual tribute to each member of the faculty is needless. To those who know them not, any expression of appreciation would be meaningless. To us who know them well, their pictured faces are more eloquent than words. The faculty, as a compact unit, grasp the true meaning of college life, and as far as may be, transmit that inner significance to us.

It is our privilege to remain but a short time in our college home. As we look back over the few years, we realize that the pleasures and the gaity, the joys and triumphs of our student life would be barren indeed without the surer and stronger foundation of earnest words and real achievement. The years would be fruitless, were there no faculty to guide and control our activities. We render our tribute to those who have made our college lives worth while.

D. M. T.



LOWELL M. MCAFEE

President

A. B., Park 1880.
A. M., Park 1887.
LL. D., Knox College 1903.
Instructor of Mathematics and Science, 1880-81.
Principal of Park College Academy 1885.
Chairman of College Faculty 1890-1902.
Traveled abroad 1900.
President 1902.

CLARA MALDEN HAYNIE

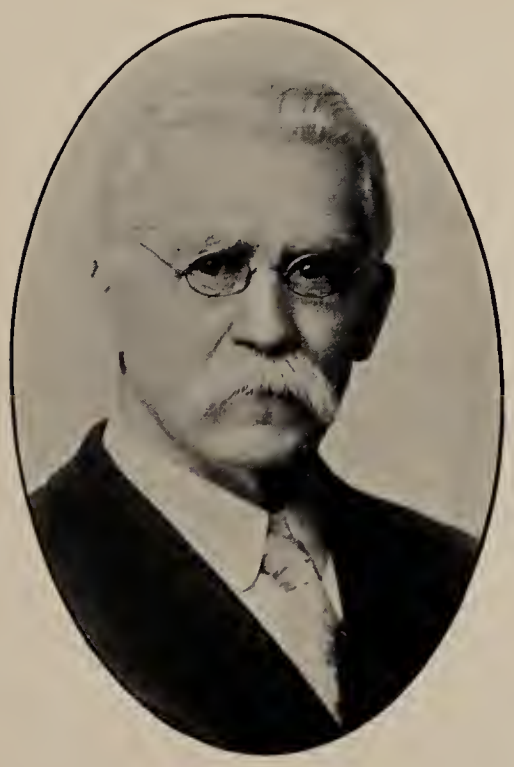
Dean of Women

A.B., Park 1894. A.M., Park 1901. Instructor English and Latin 1894-96. Instructor in Algebra and Geometry 1896-1900. Instructor in English 1900-1904. Dean of Women 1904—.

ROBERT A. BUCHANAN

Superintendent

A.B., Park 1901. A.M., Park 1909. Graduated Auburn Theological Seminary 1904. Pastorate Kohala, Hawaii 1904-1908. Park's Faculty 1908—.



SAMUEL L. MCAFEE

Emeritus, George S. Park Department of Biblical History and Practical Christian Training.

Regimental Quartermaster 3rd Mo. Cavalry (First Lieutenant). A.B.,Pardee 1869. A.M., Highland College 1872. Graduated from Northwestern (McCormick) Theological Seminary 1871. Pastorate, Red Oak, Iowa, 1871-83. Founder of Corning Academy, Corning, D.D., Parsons 1897. Park's Faculty 1889—.

ARTHUR L. WOLFE

Latin Language and Literature

A.B., New York University 1889. Ph.D., New York University 1892. Travel in Europe and Study at Leipsic University and the American School of Classical Studies at Rome 1901-2. Classes in History of Art 1904. Park Faculty 1889—.

MERLIN C. FINDLAY

George S. Park Department of Natural and Applied Sciences.

Ten Braeck Free Academy 1886. A.B., Hamilton 1892. A.M., Hamilton 1895. Four Semesters Graduate work in Chicago University at Woods Hole, Mass. Graduate work in University of Minnesota and Travel in Canada 1902-3. Park's Faculty 1892—.

ARTHUR M. MATTON

Mathematics and Astronomy

A.B., Marietta 1880. A.M., Marietta 1883. Principal Bozeman (Montana) Academy 1887-89. Professor Mathematics Blackburn University 1889-90. Principal Elgin (Illinois) Academy 1890-91. Graduate Study Cambridge University (England) 1903-4. Park, Professor of Mathematics and Director of Charles Smith Scott Observatory 1892.—.

J. Hamilton Lawrence

A.B., Park 1895. A.M., Park 1902. Instructor Delaware Literary Academy, Franklin, N. Y., 1895-97. Instructor in English 1897-1900. Instructor in English and Philosophy 1900-1902. Rhetoric and Public Speaking 1902-1907. English Literature and Public Speaking 1907. Graduate work Wooster University 1900-1 and Harvard 1906-7.

Howard A. Dean

Chemistry

A.B., Park 1897. A.M., Park 1903. Three semesters graduate work Chicago University 1899, 1900, 1910. Travel and graduate work Harvard 1907-8. Chemistry and Physics 1898-1909. Chemistry 1909.

Roy V. Magers

Greek Language and Literature

A.B., Park 1896. A.M., Park 1898. Instructor College of the Southwest, Del Norte, Colo., 1896-97. President Highland College 1897-1900. Graduate study in Harvard 1905-6. Director of College Glee Club. Park Faculty 1900—.

AUSTIN D. WOLFE

Registrar and Secretary of Faculty

A.B., New York University 1887. Graduated from Union Theological Seminary 1890. Pastorates in Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri 1890-96. President Avalon Presbyterian College 1896-98. Librarian Park College 1901-10. Park Faculty 1901—.

JAMES MCCLURE MATTHEWS

Mrs. George S. Park Department of History

A.B., Park 1903. Instructor in Science Wayland Academy, Beaver Dam, Wis., 1904-5. Studied in Harvard 1909-10. Park's Faculty 1905—.

MATTHEW HALE WILSON

Benjamin S. Brown Department of Mental and Moral Philosophy

A.B., Bellevue College 1904. B.Pd., Bellevue College 1904. B.D., Princeton Theological Seminary 1908. Graduate study in Chicago and Princeton Universities. Park's Faculty 1908—.

HOWARD ICKIS KERR

George S. Park Department of Biblical History and Practical Christian Training. Chaplain

A.B., College of Emporia 1901. A.M., Princeton 1904. Graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary 1905. Pastorate, Ottawa, Kansas 1905-9. Park's Faculty 1909—.

WALTER HIRAM WADLEIGH

Physics

A.B., Michigan University 1907. Graduate work Michigan and Chicago Universities. Instructor in Physics Michigan Agricultural College 1907-8. Professor of Physics Missouri State Normal. Warrensburg 1908. B.Di., Iowa State Normal 1900. Park's Faculty 1909—.

ELIZABETH BRONAUGH ELLIOTT

Instructor in English

A.B., Park 1908. A.M., Park 1910. Instructor in Algebra and Geometry, Park Academy 1908-10. Graduate work Chicago University, Summer session 1910. English Department of College 1910—.

BLANCHE HOWARD
Instructor in German and Bible

A.B., Park 1900. A.M., Park 1900. Taught in Hawaii 1900-1; Pittsburg (Kansas) High School 1903-4. Graduate work in Columbia University. Berlitz School of Languages and Brooklyn Institute. Park's Faculty 1907—.

FOREST SPURGEON DAVIS
Instructor in Greek

A.B., University of Illinois 1905. Instructor of Greek High School, Robinson, Illinois, 1906-7. Bacone College, Bacone, Oklahoma, 1908-10. Park's Faculty 1910—.

CORA AILEEN PICKETT

A.B., Oberlin College 1910. Teacher in Kansas City, Missouri, Schools 1902-05. Park's Faculty 1910.

LENA GERTRUDE TOWNE
Instructor in Latin

A.B., Park 1907. Instructor Kidder Institute, Kidder, Mo., 1907-09. Park's Faculty 1910—.

HENRY RALPH JENNINGS
Instructor in Biology

A.B., College of Emporia 1909. Park's Faculty 1910—.

EMMA LAVINA KIRK
Librarian

B.L., Ohio Wesleyan University 1894. Student of Albany Library Methods. Chautauqua Library School. Second Assistant Librarian Ohio Wesleyan University Library 1900-10. Park's Faculty 1910—.

WILLIAM BROCK FAGAN
Instructor in English

A.B., Earlham College 1910. Park's Faculty 1910—.

WHITMAN KERR CARSON
Instructor in Algebra and Geometry

A.B., Westminster College (Missouri) 1909. Principal Lathrop (Missouri) High School 1909-10. Park's Faculty 1910—.

MRS. SAMUEL L. MCAFEE

Piano

A.B., Watson Seminary 1866. Park's Faculty 1889—.

NORMAN FRANK MCCARTY

Voice, Organ, Piano

Graduate Ann Arbor Conservatory of Music. Director of Chapel Music. Park's Faculty 1908—.

CLAUDE RADER

Violin

Graduate Caesar Thomson, Brussels, Belgium. Director of the Orchestra. Park's Faculty 1907—.

Sabbath Rest

W. K. M., '12

Sweet Sabbath rest, thy peace I feel,
Let now thy blessing o'er me steal;
Thy happy thoughts, thy peaceful calm,
Assuage my restive soul like balm.

How sweet to rest from daily round,
And gather here on common ground
To worship at a common shrine,
And hold communion sweet, divine.

How mellow are the organ's notes!
Aloft the sacred music floats,
Perfumed with prayer, to God above,
An earnest of His children's love.

While hearing yonder choir sing,
Down through the years there seems to ring
The voice of one who sang to me
While I was yet in infancy.

How prone my memory is to stray
To some almost forgotten day
When some dear friend was at my side,
Whom death has since to me denied.

How sweet the faces now appear
Of those whom once I held so dear,
Whose features, never once forgot,
Enrich my memory and thought.

All through the day I feel the peace
Of God's own day, and sweet release
From worry's fever, labor's strain,
And efforts taxing to the brain.

Sweet Sabbath Rest, when night shades fall,
And darkness casts it's ebon pall
Above the earth, then fare thee well,
'Tis sweet to dwell beneath thy spell.

SENIORS

The happy homeland lies behind,
A misty path before;
The traveler pauses in the height,
Then turns, to come no more.

Class of 1911

We're a class of twenty-seven,
We shall quit in nineteen-eleven,
Each o'erflows with keen ambitior,
Each one seeks a high position.

Each boy tries to head the class
In debate, or grades, or gas.
And the girls are quite as bad;
Due to company they've had.

While still Fresh a lost debate
Made us plot for the next Fresh pate.
And as Sophs we cooked their goose:
Ask the boys 'bout the calaboose.

Declams were won in nineteen-eight,
Essays, too, at a later date,
Junior-Senior the first two places
Then for Park thru Jack's good graces.

For our school and society
All but four made lawful plea.
Thus our class has stuck together,
Thus we've tried to help each other.

In athletics, too, we're peers;
Held the tennis cup for years;
Won the relay race each spring;
Winning out's a common thing.

Base ball champs till 1910,
Hope to beat them all again.
Basket ball was won four seasons,
Sophs then won for various reasons.

Big head? Yes; all save a few:
We got the rest, so got it too.
We're the hot stuff of Creation,
Wait and see us rule this nation.

Class of 1911

D. M. T., '11

And it came to pass in those days that a castle was builded of brown stone, fair to the sight and wondrously revered. And when the youth of the land looked upon the castle, they said, one to another, "Come, let us see this great thing which has come to pass." And they came and saw and remained. Now it came to pass in the year 1903, that the king of the castle was crowned. And in the reign of the king, in the first year of his reign, came the class of 1911 to dwell within the walls of the castle. And, forasmuch as they were a wicked people and also extremely green, they found small favor in the eyes of the king and the captain of his host. Therefore there remained of their number but a small remnant when their ranks were numbered in the third year of his reign. So the king sent into all the country round about and brought in men to fill their places. And forasmuch as they walked more circumspectly than those who had gone before, they fare better in those days. So there was peace throughout all the land until the fifth year. And in the fifth year of the king's reign there came a great number to enroll in this class of 1911, for its fame had gone abroad throughout all the region round about the Missouri, and even from distant lands came many who had heard the fame thereof with their ears. So the class waxed great exceedingly. And the class of 1911 took unto themselves a banner of blue and white, and it came to pass, that when their foes saw the banner, they forthwith retreated and fell on their faces to the ground. Yet the class of 1910 triumphed over them in debate, for their allies, surnamed the Judges, dealt unfairly in their behalf. But concerning the declamatory contest, John, son of Carlile, suffered no one to remain of all that opposed him. And in the sixth year of the king's reign, the class did most marvelously, for they surpassed all before them, in that they were champions in basket ball, tennis, base ball, and essay contest, and in debate also they drove their opponents from the field. Only in the declamatory contest did the Freshmen triumph over them. And, concerning the debate, for the winning thereof the Sophomores held a great feast, and invited thereto their honorary members, and there they did exult most mightily. They held also many carnivals in the building which is called Alumni. And it came to pass that one of those carnivals the Freshmen boys did outnumber the Sophs and bound them hand and foot so that there was no strength left in them. Then the girls gathered all their ranks from Snyder and Nickel and even unto New Dorm. So they gathered themselves together, in the third month on the 16th day of the month, on Snyder steps. And when they had numbered themselves and armed themselves with scissors, they did most manfully fight the Freshman boys, who well nigh gave way before them. Also in the matter of scraps, the Sophs later bound the Freshmen hand and foot, and placed them in the calaboose while they slept.

And in the 7th year of the king, began the class of 1911 to study more than they had previously done, though they lost no whit of sleep therefor. And they suffered no one to triumph over them, no, for in athletics, tennis, and oratoricals they smote them hip and thigh and drove them from the field. As to the Junior-Senior banquet, they were forbidden and therefore they did hold a children's party. But in the matter of Junior-Ex. they did conduct themselves most ideally.

And in the 8th year of the king's reign, when they saw that they were Seniors, they straightway became dignified. Now the garments of the Seniors are these—a trailing robe of black, and a mortar board, whereon is placed a tassel. And they gave no Christmas play, but in the matter of Class Day they did most vehemently rehearse. And it came to pass in those days that Charles, son of Leker, Ted, son of Westfall, and Lloyd, son of Boutwell, took unto themselves maidens from the

Senior class, with whom they did play at tennis and other games. And when they had edited the NARVA, the class of 1911 was well content. And they said, "Behold this great structure which we have builded." Now the rest of the acts of the class and all that they did, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of the king and his captains? So the class of 1911 ran their course, and there were none like unto them all the days of the king.

A Last Farewell

D. M. T. '11

Goodbye! goodbye! oh, long, long, word!
It lingers on the tongue,
Like some sad echo from a bell
That has but lately rung.

Goodbye! goodbye! it takes us back
Along the passing years,
With many a memory sweet and sad
And mingled smiles and tears.

It tells us of the happy time
When we as Freshmen came,
With lively hopes, and fleeting cares,
And dreams of coming fame.

Goodbye! goodbye! but yet again
We linger o'er the word
And list to voices of the past,
Dear sounds that we have heard.

The sound of yells and college songs
And laughter light and gay,
While voices, too, in gentler tone,
We hear from far away.

Goodbye! goodbye! our college home!
O, Alma Mater, dear,
We thank thee for thy sheltering care
While we have lingered here.

For all the lessons we have learned,
Though often hard and dry,
For pleasures sweet and strengthening cares
We thank thee now. Goodbye!

Goodbye! Goodbye! to moonlit nights
Upon the campus green,
Where trees sigh low, and every form,
As in a dream is seen.

Goodbye! old river swirling by,
The rugged hills beside.
Goodbye! goodbye! to woodland ways
We wandered side by side.

Goodbye to friendship passing sweet.
In gentler, sadder strain,
To those we love, say not goodbye,
But say Auf Wiedersehen!

The happy days are fleeting fast
And here we meet no more.
Goodbye! Goodbye! we'll love thee still
When college days are o'er.

ARTHUR WHITING WOLFE

Parkville, Missouri

Parchevard

"He reads much, he is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men." "His, the sweetest of singing."

A native of Parkville. Another first year product. Naturally religious. President of volunteer band in 1910. Vice-President Cosmopolitan Club, 1909-10. Censor of Parchevard 1910. Vice-President Parchevard 1910-11. Business Manager of Narva. The star of the "Senior Quartette." Debated against the Freshmen in 1909 and against Ottawa University in 1911. Always sides with the faculty. Famous for argumentative ability —particularly in class room. After extended work in the biological laboratory, he expects to experiment on the African natives.

CECIL OLMA DUNAWAY

Noble, Oklahoma

Parchevard

"A man after his own heart,—a man may say too much upon the best of subjects."

Born and raised in the country. Appeared in society as a Freshman, and performed the duties of class vice-president. This training proved so satisfactory that he assumed the role of President in Junior year, and because of good service was promoted to Senior chaplain. Debated for the class in Sophomore and for Parchevard Society in Junior year. A regular patron of base ball and basket ball teams, appeared in relay and hurdle races. Advertising business manager of Narva. Most distinguished service rendered in "Senior Quartette". Greatest pride—diplomacy. A *Cum Laude* man. Worst trouble—finding a wife. Most ardent admirer—she. Future occupation—getting married.

W. MERRILL WOLFE

Parkville, Mo.

Lowell

"God made but one image from this mold; one was a plenty." "Honors, honors, how I do toil for thee."

Born in State Center, Iowa, and has lived ten years in Parkville. Likes *the* girl; plays tennis and baseball when no one is watching. Won second prize in Bible (1), first prize in essay (2), Greek essay (2), Browning King Bible prize (3). Debater for class (2), club (3), college (3 and 4), vice-president of class (3), censor (3) and president (4) of L. L. C; Secretary and treasurer Interstate Oratorical Association (3). A worker for grades, and a *magna cum laude* man. Honor orator. Expects to teach in Chile.

MISS MAGGIBEL COURSE
Springhill, Kansas
Lucerne

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in a woman."

A small town product, rather fair to look upon, entered first year. Lives at Mt. Zion. Secretary (1), assistant censor (2), critic (3), and president (4), of L. L. C., sergeant and treasurer of Missionary society, secretary and treasurer of class in 1911. Honor essayist. Expects to be at home for a while.

A. BROWNE LEWIS
Osceola Mills, Pennsylvania
Lowell

"He is a ladies' man, his smiles are truly winning."

Born in country, raised in small town and has seen a few large cities; entered Park as a Sophomore. Ever-changing; I wonder where he'll land. Can play ball very manfully. Likes the girls. President L. L. C. (4), represents Park in the State Prohibition Oratorical Contest. Won third place in the regular inter-society oratorical 1910. Not in the family just now.

Expects to enter the Gospel ministry.

MERCY ELZETTA CARR
Lansing, Kansas

"Honor lives in unceasing, honest toil."

City raised! One of the first year survivors. Primary Sunday School teacher, but enlarges her field to include all the children of Parkville. One of Prof. Mattoon's trusties. Carried off the Second Astronomy prize in 1910. Expects to teach.

BIRDELLA G. DAGG
Kansas City, Missouri
Calliopean

"Blame not this haste of mine."

Brought up in the city—(of Harlem). Enrolled with the 1911's in Freshman year. Head waitress at Snyder, first term, Senior. Manager of Senior base ball team. Primary Sunday School teacher—Sophomore. Censor of Calliopean—Senior year. Sergeant of Calliopean in Freshman, Sophomore and Senior. Used to be troubled with walking too slowly, but recent improvement. Favorite location—south window of Snyder. Specialty—studying (before exams). Worst trouble—a slow tongue. Expects to ——— ——— him! ———— ——. "Live happily ever after."

A. B. ADAMS
Cincinnati, Ohio
Parchevard

And still they gazed
And still the wonder grew
That one small head
Could carry all he knew.

City bred. Entered Park in 1907. Loves tennis with girls. Assistant pastor in Kansas City summer of 1910. Favorite expression: "Gunae, ring the quarter bell for me." Has no girl he calls his own. Member of college glee club. Business manager of *Stylus*. Expects to be a Railroad Y. M. C. A. secretary.

LLOYD R. BOUTWELL
Hamilton, Missouri.
Lowell

"High minded thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

Originally a country product. Enrolled with the class of 1911 as a verdant Freshman. Not as old as his dignity implies. Served sentences as chaplain of the Junior class and treasurer of Lowell and survived to become president of Oratorical Association, manager of the Glee Club and president of Lowell Club. Graduates *cum laude*. Toots the trombone in the band. A hustler, though he doesn't spend much time telling you about it. Very fond of his pompadour. Loafs in Snyder parlor.

WILLIAM P. BIXLER
Larkin, Kansas
Parchevard

"A steady, sober sort of citizen."

City and country bred, doubly fortunate. Entered Park Academy as a Third Year. He's not very old and not very pretty but he cracks lots of jokes and is always quite witty. A good worker. Plays ball once in a great while. Official janitor of Labor Hall. Expects to be a medical missionary.

MARION DOROTHEA DUTTON
Miltonvale, Kansas
Calliopean

"The best things are sometimes done up in small packages."

A country flower. Entered Park College ranks as a wee First Year, and stuck to the same old class in spite of a siege of typhoid. Warbles in the Calliopean Glee Club, and is one of the standbys in the choir. Held an officer's chair in C. L. S. in Senior year. Contends against "Industrial Woman". Not very big but—condensed sweetness. Worst trial is her roommate. Expects to wield the switch in the schoolroom.

WILLIAM MILTON HARBAUGH
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Parchevard

"Had you been silent, you might still have passed as a philosopher." "And laughter holding both his sides."

Reared in small town. Entered Park a green Freshman. Fine student. Soph Declam preliminaries. P. L. S. Attorney, critic and *Stylus* reporter. Plays tennis, baseball for class and society; basket ball for class and once for society. Sprinter, 50 yard, 75 yard, 100 yard winner (3 and 4). All round athlete; won trophy 1911. Winning relay race team (1, 2, 3). "O, for a farm in Colorado," his by word. A *cum laude* man. Expects to study civil engineering or farm.

DOLLIE MAE TOWNE
Parkville, Missouri
Calliopean

"What will not woman, gentle woman, dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up."

Country bred. New England accent. Tall and fair. Entered Park as First Year, been at the head of the class ever since. Height of her ambition is to weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds by commencement. A very busy body. Assistant censor (1), vice-president (3), president (4), and sergeant (4), of C. L. S., class secretary (3), secretary (2), vice-president (3), and president (4), of Missionary Society. Won second in essay contest (1), Bible prize (1), second in Junior-Senior Oratorical (3), On Freshman and Sophomore Declamatory Contests, and on the negative of the Woman Suffrage debate (she will have some one to vote for her). Plays piano and tennis. Valedictorian of class. *Magna cum laude*. Expects to teach for a while.

MR. J. B. PENNISTON
Parkville, Missouri
Parchevard

"Quality, not quantity."

City bred. Entered Park two years ago, as a Sophomore, been on the go ever since. Took all Junior and all Senior work this year. Keen minded and well liked though he be not so very handsome. Expects to take post graduate work.

ALFRED R. WESTFALL
El Reno, Oklahoma
Parchevard

"How angel-like he sings."
"Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes for many a joke had he."

Brought up in town. First appeared on the campus as a third year. President of Athletic Association, Parchevard Society, Prohibition Association and Missouri Prohibition Association, in 1911. Debated on Freshman Inter-society, Coe College, and two Ottawa University teams. Made his maiden attempt in oratory as a representative of Parchevard in 1909, but has since been practising persuading the natives that prohibition will cure all their ills. Won mile run in 1909 and mile, half-mile, and quarter-mile in 1910 and 1911. Acquired the pace on the general force—running from work. Especially famous for his puns. Also a member of the "Senior Quartette". Anticipates "being good", but previous training rather inadequate.

LEOLA L. LASLEY
Raymore, Missouri
Lucerne

"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with and pleasant, too, to think on."

Also a small town representative. Enrolled in Third Year. President of Lucerne in 1911. Secretary of same in 1908. Censor 1908. Attorney 1910. Manager of Lucerne Glee Club in 1911. Finds time besides to take music lessons. An all round good girl. Says she expects to teach, but, "Honest to John", do you think she will long?

MAXWELL S. HAMM
Parkville, Missouri
Lowell

"She hath made me neglect my studies, lose my time."

Reared at Park and has been with us ever since. Basso Profundo in Glee Club since Freshman. Plays base ball in the left field. Plays guard in basket ball for class and L. L. C. Inter-society debater (1, 2, 3). Park *vs* Drury debater (3 and 4). On Junior-Senior oratorical (3). Censor of L. L. C. (2); president (3). Park Oratorical Committeeman (3). Bass horn man. Likes the "Bartlett" pear best. Expects to enter business.

EDITH MAY HUGHES
Pataskala, Ohio
Lucerne

"Absence of occupation is not rest
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

It is passing strange how many good students come from small villages. This representative of 1911 entered Park in 1909. A real worker. Worst fault is breaking No. 2.

J. HENRY IRWIN
Downington, Pennsylvania
Parchevard

"God Almighty made us to love all mankind, but I believe he made me a specialist."

Country bred. Entered Park as Fourth Year. Always liked the girls. Parchevard secretary (1), attorney (2), critic and censor (3), vice-president (4). President of class (2), Excelsior (4), D. D. G. Club (1, 2, 3). Editor of Narva (4). Inter-society debater (1, 2), Park *vs* Drury (3, 4), on Home Oratorical Contest (4). On winning tennis team (1, 2, 3, 4). Base ball team (1, 2, 3, 4), basket ball (4). Manager P. C. L. S. play (2), etc. Never known to study more than one week each term; *i. e.*, the last week. No one knows where his heart is. *Cum laude* student. Expects to preach.

SYLVIA HANDEL
Kansas City, Missouri
Calliopean

"A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find."

Reared in small town. Grew well. Entered Park as Freshman. Always in good humor in spite of her "auburn" hair. Class secretary 1908-09. Sergeant of Calliopean 1909, president in 1911. Opposed to woman suffrage: says "Tom" with a broad "o". Expects to teach for a while.

P. MERLE SCOTT
Parkville, Missouri
Parchevard

"The elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man'."

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Here is a good-sized, well-contented man from a small town. Entered Third Year. Class made him president in Freshman year. Has been successively secretary, president and sergeant of Parchevard. Won the History Prize in Sophomore and the International Law Prize in Junior. Appears at intervals in tennis, base ball and basket ball. President Missouri Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association, 1910-11. Glee Club manager 1909-10. Debater on class and society teams. Received a *magna cum laude*. Salutatorian. Very fond of the ladies and they don't seem to mind, though they occasionally treat him a trifle "uncharitably". Expects to work in the Railroad Y. M. C. A.

JOHN SNYDER CARLILE
New York City
Parchevard

"Yes, I've loved a good number, but there's pleasure at least in a change."

Essentially a city product. Knows a good deal of the world. Took up his burden in Freshman year, and won the declamatory for 1911. Won in inter-society debate in 1909. Sings among Prof. Mager's trusties. Also reads for the Glee Club and, incidentally, performs the stunts. Winner of college oratorical in 1910. Fond of the ladies—(some of them). Anticipates the ministry, and practices on the unfortunates at Breckenridge, Missouri.

OLA BOOZE
Scandia, Kansas

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Reared in country town. Entered Park as Third Year. Excellent cook. Takes the prize on coffee. Does not like to study. Never gets angry but sometimes worries. Appreciates her friends and is true to them. Tireless reader. Literary essayist. Expects to ——?

MARGERY YOUNG
Clarinda, Iowa
Lucerne

Entered Park in Third Year and the class of 1911 in Freshman. A loyal member of both class and club. Served terms as treasurer, censor, president and attorney of Lucerne Club. Sews well, cooks well and debates well. Favorite occupation—talking in the hall to the Hall.

CHARLES A. LEKER

Irwin, Missouri

Parchevard

"He that is master of himself will soon be master of others."

Hails from the farm. Made his debut in First-Year Academy. Managed Philolexian Glee Club, captain of class base ball team in Freshman, college team in Junior and Senior, and class basket ball team in Senior year. President Excelsior Tennis Club 1908-10. Vice-President Oratorical Association,1909-10. President and sergeant of Parchevard. Also prominent in track meet. Won tennis singles in 1910, and, with his partner, J. Henry Irwin, has held championship in doubles through college. Notable base ball pitcher. Won second prize in Freshman-Sophomore Essay Contest, and first in Junior-Senior Oratorical. Also a debater in class and inter-society and inter-collegiate debates. President of student body. A *cum laude* student and Senior Literary Orator. Plays cornet in band and orchestra. The worst faults we can assign are that he says "Gee" and wastes a good deal of time on the road to New Dorm.

BEATRICE MOLLER

Bangkok, Siam

Calliopean

"The man that hath no music in himself
nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

City bred; grew tall fast; entered Park May twelfth, 1904; fine musician. Manager Philomathean Glee Club, 1905-07. Assistant Censor (2), Censor (4) of Calliopean. Can paint, can sew, can smile, can cook, and occasionally finds fault with others. Expects to be a foreign missionary.

ETHEL IRENE BURCKHART

Valparaiso, Indiana

Calliopean

"As from a little balsam
Much sweetness doth arise
So in a little woman
There's a taste of paradise."

Country bred is Ethel (Red) and the Indiana sunshine still flickers in her voice and hair. Entered Park in 1906. Quiet, sincere, diligent and a true friend. Secretary of Missionary Society (2). President of New Dormitory Tennis Club although she plays on Excelsior. Expects to teach, Providence permitting.

(C. A. L.)

JUNIORS

Juniors

Officers

President, . . . RALPH S. CHAMBERS
Vice-President, . . HALCYON REDMOND
Secretary, ... CORA HARRIS

Top Row

ROYAL G. HALL, Goodwin, Mo.
WILLIAM K. MCCANDLESS, Wooster, O.
GEORGE E. MENSCH, Mifflinburg, Pa.

Second Row

ARTHUR B. MCMULLIN, Hillsboro, Mo.
CLARA E. KLAMM, Parkville, Mo.
ALBERTA S. CURTIS, Chicago, Ill.
JUDAS VINCIL M. PRIEST, Shelbyville, Mo.
ALVA V. KING, Trimble, Mo.
DUNCAN MCRUER, Parkville, Mo.
SHEU KONG TONG, China, Shanghai.

Third Row

HELEN P. SHEDD, Yates Center, Kas.
SEIICHI IKEMOTO, Yamaguchi, Japan.
RAYMOND P. SALSBURY, Parkville, Mo.
HELEN E. MCGARVEY, Alden, N. Y.
W. LESLIE HARRIS, Baxter Springs, Kas.
JOHN W. JONES, Utica, N. Y.
ISADORE SAMUELS, Parkville, Mo.
BRUCE T. ROBB, Salina, Kas.
GEORGE S. ROBB, Salina, Kas.
HARRY V. JONES, Louisberg, Kas.

Fourth Row

CLARA STEVENSON, King City, Mo.
LOU M. ORR, Parkville, Mo.
DOROTHEA MEYER, Parkville, Mo.
HALCYON REDMOND, Fulton, Ill.
MARY D. WRIGHT, Holly, Colo.
EVELYN BAILEY, Parkville, Mo.
BLANCHE C. MARKLAND, Oregon, Mo.
J. WILBUR KOCH, Columbiana, O.
LEON S. WARD, Dallas Center, Ia.
RALPH SPIGELMYER CHAMBERS, Mifflinburg, Pa.

Not in Picture

S. HUNTER DAVIS, Argentine, Kas.
RAYMOND G. HALL, Rocky Ford, Colo.
J. RALPH MCGAUGHEY, Fredericktown O.
WILLIAM G. MCRUER, Parkville, Mo.
PRESCOTT THOMPSON, Santa Barbara, Cal.
EDITH POWELL, Parkville, Mo.
CORA HARRIS, Carthage, Ill.

Junior Class History, 1912

Evelyn Bailey
Blanche Markland
Mattie Lou Orr

"Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

This admonition we would have accepted only with some reserve on that second day of September, 1909, when forty of us enrolled under the standard of red and black and pledged ourselves to make the class of 1912 one to be long remembered by reason of its achievements.

Under the leadership of Loudermilk we early acquired the habit of winning in contests, from ball games to debates, a habit that has become so fixed as to be accounted an assurance of future success. True, as Freshmen we lost the debate with the Sophomores, through a misunderstanding on the part of the judges that "Dunaway" with the decision. One of them, we understand, haunted by the injustice of his decision, attempted self-destruction, another is in a private sanitarium for the feeble-minded, a warning to all judges who would thwart the will of the Gods; a warning that has had a salutary effect on all subsequent decisions, for we havecome into our own with regularity ever since—under the confident leadership of Ray Hall during our Sophomore year, and are now closing another cycle of our course under the leadership of Chambers.

We determined in the beginning of our Freshman year that, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and to prove the sincerity of our vow did we not with one accord on the occasion of our Hallowe'en party at the Alumni building, contribute all of our wraps to the poor shivering Sophies? The fact that they were not edified thereby did not rob us of the reward that comes to those who contribute to the unfortunate. And again during our Sophomore year when we were being entertained at the residence of our honorary member—Dr. Wolfe—were not our hearts moved with compassion by the appeal of the starving Freshies and did we not then and there give up all our store of ice cream and sundry other edibles provided for our entertainment? But modesty forbids that we enumerate more of the many missionary efforts that have marked our career as a class. We are not without hope that some of the good seed has fallen on receptive ground. From past experience and observation however we are about ready to accept the following Senior production as very nearly correct: "He who knows not and knows not that he knows not—is a Freshman." Shun him! "He who knows not and knows that he knows not—is a Sophomore." Respect him! "He who knows and knows not that he knows—is a Junior." Pity him! We would add this also: "He who knows and knows that he knows—is a Senior" and worthy of all reverence. This gives us hope of the reward of appreciation in the near future. "Wir konnen warten."

Of the forty who enlisted as Freshmen thirty-five veterans remain, who have been subject to all the mental diseases incident to the ascent from the valley of superior wisdom, and yet live. We have visions that give us a hint of what the future has in store, for what is a vision but a reflection of what we have determined to do?

"Reverie"

M. D. W.,'12

Lowering, sweeping, swirling, beating,
The long rain dashed on a leaden sea,
And madly, wildly, darkly lowering,
The horror of darkness fell—on me.

Breaking, lifting, moving, shifting,
The clouds broke over that leaden sea,
And slowly, steadily, painfully lifting,
The gloom of the blackness broke—in me.

Shining, dancing, sparkling, glancing,
The sun shone full on an azure sea.
And tenderly, warmly, softly shining,
The sunlight of love came in—to me.

To Park

Wm. K. McCandliss, '12

Proud Alma Mater throned aloft
Beside yon river's swirling tide;
Strict guardian of Pirean wells,
Let us, thy children, here abide.

Fair Alma Mater, we would drink
Of knowledge, deep and full and long;
Imbued with strength, would issue forth
To fight life's battles, conquer wrong.

How happy are the hours we spend
Within thy classic, thoughtful walls;
And yet our laughter never drowns
The voice of duty when it calls.

The college friendships we enjoy
Are gems, bright—radiant to the end.
Full well we prize the names of those
Whom here at Park we know as friend.

No matter where life's restless wave
May bear each frail and slender bark,
Yet in still hours our minds will turn
To happy youth in dear old Park.

Love's Message

H. K. R., '12

Aurora led her steeds full swiftly
  Bidding flee the night's dull care;
As a maiden paused beside the brooklet,
  Beautiful was her face and fair.
She was but a tiny maiden,
  Yet to her the power was given
To read in Nature's garden rare
  Sweet messages from heaven.

From yon distant hill-top, softly
  Came the thrush's merry lay:
And from the flower-besprinkled meadow
  Others sang of joyous day.
Every feathered songster carolled
  Of Him, the Prince and King of all—
As echoes from celestial harps
  These upon her soul did fall.

In the distance sways a fairy lily
  Cradled on the watery breast
  Sweet zephyrs waft it to and fro,
  Lulling it as if to rest.
"Do you not tire of your quiet home?
  Does not your happiness oft grow cold?
Your petals to me say 'Purity',
  Your chalice reveals a heart of gold".

The stream before her murmuring flows
  Cheerily onward toward the sea.
The maiden sits and wonders, "Why
  Can not all so happy be?"
Doth not the One who loves the flowerets
  Love the songsters and all the rest?
Doth He not love His children dearly?
  Is not His love, of all, the best?

Sophomores

Then read, ye people known to Park,
  If near or e'er so far;
And catch the irridescent gleams
  From Crescent and from Star.

J. H., '13

Now comes with contribution
  The lucky class "Thirteen";
To show among Park's classes
  There's none else quite so keen.

Keen wit and hearty fellowship
  Do permeate this class;
  And we can boast—who more
    than we?
  Brave lad and pretty lass.

True worth and wealth of dignity
  Shall shortly come to light;
And they shall dwell in halls of fame
  Who boast the green and white.

MOORE
PHOTO.
13
PARK

Sophomores

Officers

President, ... HELENE COOKE
Secretary, ... JEANETTE SPRINGSTEAD

Top Row

THOMAS J. HARTLEY, New Albian, Ia.
LYLE DEAN, Parkville, Mo.
FREEMAN MCFARLAND, Parkville, Mo.

Second Row

HELENE COOKE, Red Oak, Ia.
ELIZABETH SMITH, Emporia, Kas.
EDWARD BRANDNER, Selkirk, Kas.
JOHN V. WRIGHT, Tabriz, Persia.
WILLIAM BRANDON, Salt Lake City,Utah
CLAIRE HANN, McFall, Mo.
LOUIS V. BARBER, Mifflinburg, Pa.
TORRENCE MCRUER, Parkville, Mo.
H. K. TONG, Shanghai, China.
HOWARD VOTAW, Neogo, Ill.
WILLIAM R. LEKER, Irwin, Mo.
RUTH BEGGS, Moberly, Mo.
GRACE WEYAND, Galesburg, Ill.
BESSIE MCCANDLESS, Ottawa, Kas.
JENNIE HOYLE, Chicago, Ill.

Third Row

ALBERT THOMAS, DeKalb, Mo.
MABEL BARTLETT, Osawatomie, Kas.
BLANCHE PRUGH, Jeanette, Pa.
KATHERINE LIGHT, Stuart, Neb.
LAURA MULFORD, Stuart, Neb.
PANSY MANCHESTER, Fort Scott, Kas.
JOSEPHINE MCCORKLE, Dallas, Tex.
JULIA GUNTHER, Chicago, Ill.
RUTH BARTLETT, Osawatomie, Kas.
MARY STAATS, Kansas City, Mo.
ROBERT SMITH, Chicago, Ill.
BLANCHE KISLING, Greenfield, O.
LILLIAN DOUGLASS, Colorado Sprgs, Colo.
MARGARET FISHER, Marshall, Mo.
ETHEL DAVIS, Peculiar, Mo.

Bottom Row

MELVILLE MONTGOMERY,
Arkansas City, Kas.
EDWARD TRETT, Guymon, Okla.
JESSIE BEERY, Cedarville, Kas.
ADA GUY, St. James, Mo.
ROY BROWN, Houston, Mo.
CONSTANTINE TODOROFF,
Tirnovo, Bulgaria
FRIEDDA HUGHES, Parkville, Mo.
PAUL PAYNE, Oskaloosa, Kas.
VAUTRES PRUITT, Pierce City, Mo.
JAKE WYATT, Fort Scott, Kas.
ROWENA PARKS, Marceline, Mo.

Not in Picture

MAUD TOWNE, Parkville, Mo.
MAUD HUBBARD, Kansas City, Mo.
ANNA KENNEDY, Burlington Jct., Mo.
JEANETTE SPRINGSTEAD, Los Aminos, Cal.
ROWENA WILSON, Hebron, Ill.
EDA SCHNEIDER, Ayr, Neb.
LUCY FOOTE, St. Louis, Mo.
J. W. BROWN, Slater, Mo.
VESTA CAMP, Ellsworth Kas.
LILLIAN DOUGLASS, Colorado Spgs., Colo.

A Chronicle

And it came to pass in the spring of the year, that the Sophomores waxed bold in spirit and gathering together their forces they went forth to subdue the Freshmen in order that they might, after conquering them, rule the land.

And there was great rejoicing among the tribes, for they had been long vexed in heart, by these Freshmen, and when it was proclaimed among them that they were going forth to lay hold on this tribe of Freshmen, every one was glad in heart, and they went forth courageously and much joy was abroad.

And it so happened that the leaders consulted among themselves how they would lay hold of the enemy and turn aside the land of the Freshmen from smiting them again. Then Jacob, the son of a valiant man, arose and standing forth spoke thus: "If it seem good unto you, O leaders of this Sophomore people, let us send forth and provide ourselves with much rope in order that we may fasten their hands and bind their feet and that we may then more easily carry them away captive." And when he had spoken he sat down and another one arose, Thomas, surnamed the mighty, a man of much learning, great in valor and strong in battle, and he stood forth and lifting up his voice spake thus: "This seems good unto me and if it is the will of all who are present let us arise and go forth that we may lay our hands upon them speedily."

And as it was far in the night they arose and having gotten themselves ropes and strong cord, they went forth and drew near unto the camp of the Freshmen and they rested from their labors until the time of the battle should draw near.

And it being early in the morning, near unto the dawn, they all rose up together and they fell upon some of the enemy and tied their hands and feet so that they could not resist and having done this they lifted them up and carried them to the upper room of the house and they went back and captured still others of the tribe and did likewise unto them.

Now it so happened that some of the Freshmen who were young in years, seeing the foe coming upon them, cried out and were greatly afraid and they would have run and hid themselves but their enemy was upon them and they could not escape. Moreover they were bound tightly with cord and a band was laid upon their mouth, so that they could not cry out and disturb the Seniors who were encamped round about. And they were also carried up and laid by the side of their company.

And the Sophomores, having captured all of their enemy, refrained farther from warfare, having looked in sadness and pity upon the faces of their captives, left them and departed, for the night was far spent and day was at hand.

Meanwhile one of the Freshmen, having loosed his bonds, broke away and climbing from a high window, fell to the ground and ran and gave word to those of the tribe, who had been outside the camp, and returning he loosed the bonds of the captives and, being free, they all with one accord set forth to pursue the enemy and they sought far and near and they spent much time in seeking, but they returned empty handed, not having found them, for from that time forth the Sophomores were safe in their hiding places.

But it came to pass not many days off, that the Freshmen having spied out their enemy, fell upon them in large numbers and the Sophomores being few were not able strongly to resist and they were bound, one at a time, hand and foot and they were carried into the camp of the Freshmen and being arranged in a group, there was a guard placed about them so that they could not escape. Moreover a chariot with two horses was brought and the Freshmen, placing them bound in the chariot, put upon each the sign of his rank; and having done this, they drove them about the city and great crowds came out to see them, and it was altogether a pleasing sight for

the enemy to gaze upon. And when the time of the chapel drew near there was a truce declared and the captives were released from their bonds and being free and also at the same time very desirous of food they all sat down together and a feast was spread and every one made merry. And having eaten and drunk until all were filled they went forth strengthened in body. And in the land of Park there was much rejoicing.

The Woods

J. H., '13

The wind that whispers o'er the hills
A wondrous message tells,
Low, soft, it breathes of rippling falls
In dim lit rocky dells.

It calls us woodland paths to roam
Where wavering shadows fall;
And e'en the river below is stayed
By a wondrous mystic thrall.

Majestic trees in greeting bend;
With gracious, solemn song
They chant their blessing sweet for those
Who wistful, loiter long.

Wistful for that deep peace which ne'er
Abides in haunts of men;
But with balm and rest for weary hearts,
'Neath the trees is found again.

A Call to Victory

J. H., '13

Ye students, up and shout for vict'ry
  For Park your loyal praises bring,
Lift high her colors in the breezes,
  For Park, our Alma Mater, sing!
Shall others hope to rise victorious,
  Or seize from Park her place in fame,
  While we remain to keep her name,
Unstained, bright, and ever glorious?

For Park, then, up, and do your bravest!
  Through all the world her name shall flow,
Her strength and honor ever cherish
  For Park fight on where'er you go.
For thee, dear Park, new courage learning,
  Thy greatness in our memory fast,
  Our love for thee shall ever last
With loyalty our hearts be ever burning.

A Toast

GERTRUDE W. BARBER

We wish thee joy, O, Freshman Class,
Through all the coming years,
  May your glad banner, clear and bright
  Shine out amidst the darkest night
To send a gleam of cheer.

May all your course be straight and true
Until the very last.
  And ever onward, upward go
  To victory and glory: so
Here's to you, Freshman Class.

MOORE
PHOTO

Freshmen

Officers

President, ... NEWELL PRESTON
Vice-President, ... EDWIN WALLINE
Secretary, ... GERTRUDE BARBER

Top Row

CHESTER WILCOXSON, Emporia, Kas.
RAYMOND ROELSE, Hastings, Neb.
KENNETH MCAFEE, Parkville, Mo.
RUTH GRAHAM, Parkville, Mo.
DYER SCHMALLHORST, Conway, Mo.
EMMA REITER, Chicago, Ill.
EDWIN WHITE, St. Louis, Mo.
MARTIN BREDBERG, NewWindsor, Ill.
ETTA COLLINS, Kansas City, Mo.
FRANK CHRISTENSEN, Parkville, Mo.
IDA STAATS, Kansas City, Mo.
LOU HINSHAW, Ashland, Mo.
OLIVE PETERSON, Kansas City, Mo.
MARGARET MORROW, Philadelphia, Pa.
BERNICE HARDESTY, Sigourney, Ia.
GERTRUDE SHEARER, Laurel, Neb.
MAURICE MINNICK, Lock Spring, Mo.
RALPH WHITE, Kingston, Mo.

Second Row

EARL PHARES, Parsons, Kas.
EDMUND BECHTOLD, Owensville, Mo.
EARL DORTON, Kansas City, Mo.
RUTH LAUGHLIN, Kansas City, Mo.
REESE HELMS, Honeybrook, Pa.
ANNA MEYER, St. Louis, Mo.
NANNIE DOWDALL, Memphis, Mo.
LLOYD WYLIE, Marissa, Ill.
RUTH MCAFEE, Brooklyn, N. Y.
ALBERT PARKER, Olney, Ill.
MYRTLE ASKREN, Des Moines, Ia.
AMELIA BROWN, Marceline, Mo.
LEAH SHEARER, Laurel, Neb.
ELLA BYRAM, Hansen, Neb.
ADA CRAWFORD, Emerson, Ia.
GERTRUDE BARBER, Mifflinburg, Pa.
RUTH HINSHAW, Ashland, Mo.

Third Row

PAUL MANCHESTER, Fort Scott, Kas.
EMMONS EMMERSON, Cando, N. D.
BERT ROBERTS, Lebo, Kas.
HARRISON METHENY, Boswell, Okla.
MAX MATTOON, Parkville, Mo.
HAZEL MCGAUGHEY, Mt. Gilead, O.
OLIVE HEMPHILL, Chanute, Kas.
RENSIE DEBOER, Worthington, Minn.
AMY PAYNE, Oskaloosa, Kas.
CHRISTIE WILSON, Idaho Falls, Idaho.
CLARENCE EVANS, Venedocia, O.
EDWIN WALLINE, New Windsor, Ill.

Fourth Row

WILLIAM CHAMBERS, Mifflinburg, Pa.
WILKINS MURPHY, Hobart, Okla.
STANLEY CADWALLADER, Franklin, Pa.
BRUCE DEATLEY, Blue Springs, Mo.
FRED BRIM, Provo, Utah.
NEWELL PRESTON, Jefferson, Texas.
FRED BROWN, Parkville, Mo.
WARD DAVIS, Peculiar, Mo.
MARCUS CORT, Colorado Springs, Colo.
ANTONIO VILLANUEVA, Lapiz Panay, P. I.
EDWARD MCGARVEY, Alden, N. Y.
LOREN CHITTICK, Flora, Ind.
MAX IVANS, Stronghurst, Ill.

Not in Picture

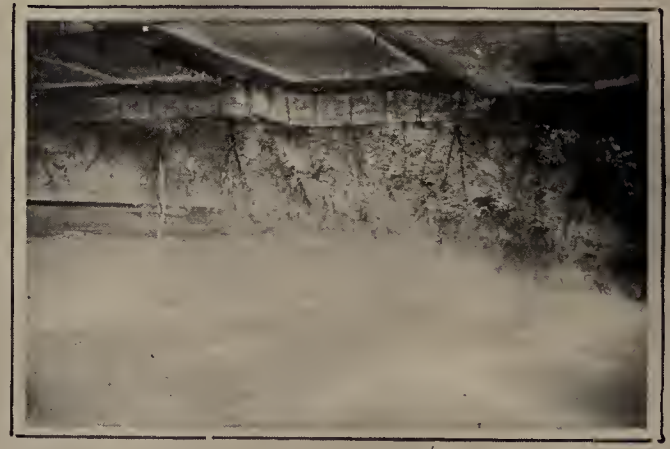
THEODORE LENTZ, Beverly, Mo.
EARNEST MCQUIDDY, Sonomo, Cal.
BOYD WHITE, Parkville, Mo.
LESLIE BURNIGHT, Superior, Neb.
DEVERE CAMPBELL, Parkville, Mo.
GRACE HICKMAN, Mt. Vernon, Mo.
BLANCHE MANLEY, Union Star, Mo.
FLORENCE PAUL, Kansas City, Kas.
MARIE PRUGH, Jeanette, Pa.
STELLA TRASTER, Edna, Kas.
MILDRED WICKS, Brockport, N. Y.
CATHERINE CHARLES, Lancaster, Kas.

Concerning Ye Class of 1914

In autumn time of Nineteen Ten
A happy bunch was seen.
The upper class men looked them o'er
And called them "Freshies green."
But soon this class their valor proud
They tried for many days
To rub some of their freshness off,
And practice college ways.
About the first of all of them,
Amelia met her "brother"
And since then Frederick has not ceased
Near her abode to hover.
But some there were who had been here
For several years before
And these were up to all the tricks
And versed in College lore.
There is a girl who long ago
Surrendered heart and hand
To Harrison Metheny
And this girl's first name is Ann.
The man who stands right by the Helm
Of this our ship of state
Has taken Lou upon the deck
To be his ship's first mate.
One day some one asked Max Mattoon
What was his favorite song,
"The Barber Shop Chord,' " he replied,
"I'd sing the whole day long."
We've all observed Bernice of late
Has grown quite high and Tony,
While Emma Lou is quite content
To walk beside her "Pony".
Ruth McAfee has Wylie grown
To Ward off "Little Bill",
While Myrtle of the Senior boys
Has surely had her fill.
Prof. Dean in chemistry
To Miss Burnight once said,
"What makes that White precipitate?"
"It's just Boyd's way," she said.
No lamp can burn without its Wicks
However polished bright
And Mildred some day will become
Our literary light.
Etta, the old-fashioned girl,
To a Prince Albert clings,
While Ada to America
A lofty Earl would bring.
The pair of "scissors" in the class
So polished and so spruce
Would like to cut off for themselves
One Evans and one Bruce.
Ruth Laughlin tried to make some air
In Chemistry one day
By blowing in a bottle,
But she gave it up, they say.
What makes Miss Howard's S. S. class
To always "banner" be?
Why, Ralph White to the mystery
Methinks doth hold the key.
Ruth Hinshaw has of late displayed
A taste for "Murphy's pets"
And "Cousin Christy" leads the yells
And lots of glory gets.
Lorene Chittick and Ray Roelse
Are traitors to their class,
For each among the Sophomores
Has found a charming lass.
In Bible class Kenneth was asked
What was his favorite book,
" 'Tis "Ruth", I guess", he said.
And then she squelched him with a look.
And Miss DeBoer as we all know
Abhorrence has for "rats",
We see her in the future with
A whole ranch full of cats.
Olivia for men and boys
Says she doesn't care at all
But when she made that statement
She's omitting "Little Paul".
A little Englishman is here
He's sporty as can be
And Nannie Dowdall thinks so too
—Just watch them and you'll see.
And Payne, ah, yes! we have that too,
But in Heaven we'll be free,
For Mr. Hall-Quest said in church
That there that would not be.
A new Freshman has come to us
From California's shore
And Margaret Morrow does declare
That she has peace no more.
Earl Phares has of late, some say,
Some Manley symptoms shown,
While Ida Staats we have observed
Oh, very Frank has grown.
McGarvey's walking apparatus
Is getting out of gear
With walking out to Campbell's
To talk with sweet Devere.

Miss Traster's hobby's missions
And the far off heathen lands
While Grace Hickman in the kitchen
Loves to work with willing hands.
Fred Brim of all men is immune
To Cupid's fiery dart,
Ed White is just the opposite
He's very soft of heart.
The sweetest girl in Snyder,
As all can plainly see
That Bechtold thinks, is Florence
And a right wise man is he.
Some girls on their way to Chapel
Thought they listened to a bird
But looking up they found it was
Pete Yankoff that they heard.
Wilcoxson's sole ambition is
A lecturer to be
Along the comic order
A humorist is he.
Ella Byram's love for tennis
Is attributed to Cad,
But Marie Prugh a Junior likes
They say she's 'got it bad'.
Dainty little Peter B.
Too hard oft finds his bed,
And so he seeks a softer place
To rest his weary head.
Merry and blithesome all day long
Is our new man T. Lentz
And along with all the rest of it
That man has got some sense.
Marcus Cort he used to be
The full back on a Nine
But now he takes to poetry—
His verses are sublime.
In the orchestra Max Ivins
Upon the fiddle plays
We always see him in his place
At Chapel Saturdays.
And have you heard of the debate
In which the Freshman won?
Not since the class of Nineteen Ten
Had such a thing been done.
Right heartily before that night
The Freshmen the Sophs fought
But when the Sophs would pay them back
Their efforts came to nought.
One morning all the Freshman girls
The Soph'more pennants took.
The banner too, was taken
From their President, Miss Cook.

Fly paper then and moth balls, too,
Those harassed Soph'mores tried,
But then the Freshman girls did laugh
They were not terrified.
One night a little whispering bird
Those gallant Sophomores told
They'd be tied up before the dawn
E'en e'er the night grew old.
"That will not do," a Sophomore cried
"A scheme is in my head,
We'll tie those doughty Freshmen up
While they're asleep in bed."
And so they did, but e'er the sun
In all his splendor rose
Each Sophomore boy in abject fear
From off the campus goes—
Goes? Nay, he runs, he flees, he hides
In woodland and ravine,
Sure, such a frightened bunch of boys
Was hardly ever seen.
And one night at the Chapel
All the Sophs their girls forsook
And once more to their woodland haunts
Their hasty way they took.
Yet all these cautions of the Sophs
All, all in vain were made,
For that those crafty Freshman boys
A great, deep plot had laid.
They caught those unsuspecting Sophs
As they came out of class
Snatching the student from his books,
The gallant from his lass.
And then e'en e'er the glorious sun
Could his meridian pass
Each gallant Soph upon his back
Lay prone upon the grass.
Then came the grand parade through town,
The dummy burning bright,
All put our poor Sophomoric friends
In quite a sorry plight.
And then to cap the whole affair
We Won That Big Debate!
The Sophs at last did see our power
But when it was too late.
Walline and Emerson and Brown!
Sure, where are three such men?
Other classes will hustle some
To produce their like again.
And to old Park we will bring back
Full many honors more
Until her name and her great praise
Shall ring from shore to shore.



PREPS

Park Academy

FRANCES WOLFE

Park Academy is not young. It is almost as old as its mother, Park College, and the same royal spirit that flows through the veins of the college, pervades the innermost life of the Academy. The latter began its work in the early eighties. At that time the recitations, under the direction of two young ladies who knew Park College and Dr. McAfee well, were held in the old Baptist church in Parkville. There were only three rooms, but these were sufficient for the number of pupils. The course was scarcely more than that of the seventh and eighth grades of our modern public school, but the students studied with a will and, before many years, more space was needed.

Dr. McAfee then shifted the Academy to Bergen, which is now demolished. Not content with the limited bounds of Bergen, once again it was removed to Woodward, another building which is gone. Still again the Academy was shifted. This time to McKay where its recitations are now held. As the Academy grew, it imbibed more and more of the spirit and influence of the College. Today Park College owes much to the students who catch its tone in their Academy course, and carry it with them through the college.

In comparison with the two teachers at the beginning, there are now seven—all efficient and influential college graduates. The course is greatly broadened. First Years ponder over the mysteries of Latin, Algebra, and English. Second Year adds Ancient History and more advanced mathematics to their studies. In the Third Year Mathematics are given a rest and science is taken up along with Bible and Greek. Fourth Years busy themselves with Geometry, still retaining the Latin, Greek, Bible and English.

However, it is not all work and studies. Each class has its own society, meeting weekly, where literary programs are rendered. The Family young men have a political club, "The Inner Circle". This meets Saturday evenings and the interesting events of the world are freely discussed. The Third and Fourth Years compete annually in a declamatory contest and a debate, and the true spirit of rivalry and enthusiasm is no less evident than in the college classes.

The prizes also are not limited to our college brothers and sisters. In Second Year Miss Howard of the History Department, offers three prizes—one for the girl having the best essay and one for the boy having the best oration on subjects which have been discussed in that special class. The third prize is given to the member of the same class drawing the best map of Rome. Professor Arthur Cooley offers first, second and third prizes to students who in Third Year receive the highest grades in Greek. No prizes are given for attainments in studies in Fourth Year, except the best prize of all—a diploma.

Our Academy numbers are growing smaller, in accordance with the plan to limit its membership. About one hundred and fifty students are with us this year and a number of these plan to finish the college course. The College has, in past years, drawn its strongest material from the Academy and probably will continue to do so; for those who enter the Academy and complete the college course are in fullest sympathy with the aims of Park College.

THE MISSOURI
MC CORMICK CHAPEL
MACKAY
FALLING SPRINGS

"Breaking 2"

A C
A D
1911

Fourth Year

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Academy
19 12

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ACAD
1913
MOORE
PHOTO

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Ruth Tucker, Parkville, Mo.
May Martin, Parkville, Mo.
Helen Linder, Parkville, Mo.
Morrison Light, Kansas City, Mo.
Jesse Jamison, Parkville, Mo.
Nathan Brinck, Parkville, Mo.

The Things That Are and The Things That Were. Different?

The following is a copy of the note sent to R. A. Buchanan by Prof. J. W. Stevens, head of the work department:

12–15, 1900.

The records show you 37 hours short in your work. Please take action on this at once and save action being taken at this end of the line.

J. W. S.

The reply sent to the above was as follows:

12–16

The son
R. A. B.
A dun
Has received
From the father, P. C.
He earnestly prays
To with hold litigation
For the debtor will pay
During Christmas vacation.

R. A. BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan has now assumed the duties of Prof. Stevens.

May 30, 1910.

Mr. R. A. BUCHANAN.

Please excuse my absence from work today; will start to make up my back time next Monday.

Yours respectfully,

A. B. LEWIS.

To which was the following reply:

This is not following the rules. You are off without permission. You will have to makeup "double time."

R. A. BUCHANAN.

LIBRARY
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FIDE SET LABORE
PARK
COLLEGE
PARKVILLE MO.

From ~ Miss Tommie Powell
1319 Main, Parkville, Missouri 64152

Calliopean Literary Society

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Dollie Mae Towne
Gertrude Barber
Anna Myer
Nannie Dowdall
Halcyon Redmond
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Ruth McAfee
Myrtle Askren
Maude Towne

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Maud Hubbard
Blanche Kisling
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Hazel McGaughy
Olivia Hemphill
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Amy Payne
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Mary Wright

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Helen Shedd
Jennie Hoyle
Blanche Manley

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Cora Harris
Florence Paul

Lucerna Club
PARK COLLEGE
1911
MOORE

Lucerne Club

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Ida Staats
Lillian Douglass
Mattie Lou Orr
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LOWELL CLUB PARK COLLEGE
1911
MOORE

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Vice-President, ...	George Robb
Censor, ...	Bruce Robb
Secretary, ...	Howard Votaw

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Emmons Emmerson

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Fifth Row

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MOORE PHOTO

Parchevard

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EVANS
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WOLFE
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PENNISTON
TONG
LENTZ

MOORE—
PHOTO—

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HAMM
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BURNS
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THOMPSON, E.

The Chronicles of King Lem and Hiker

A. C., '12

Now it came to pass in the reign of the McAfites when King Lem was on the throne that he appointed unto himself Hiker to rule over those who dwelt in the Chapel.

But there came a sore affliction upon Hiker so that he cried out in great distress, for he was troubled with a dire calamity, and the anguish of a nose was upon him.

So Hiker girded his armour about him and departed to the land of new noses.

Thus it happened in the sojourn of Hiker, Lem ruled over the Chapel.

And when he came before the people they were sore afraid and durst not study neither move in their places.

For lo he spoke unto them and his voice was terrible to hear.

"What man among you borrowed ten dollars of me and returned it not?"

"What case was it that dared to display their feet below the curtain?"

And Lem commanded those of the Chapel, saying: "Because you have transgressed the law of your fathers and have forgotten your hymn book and Bible you can no longer dwell in the land of the Chapel, but must depart unto other places."

And so it came to pass that on that day many forsook the Chapel and they were very sad, for it was the land of their slumbers.

But rejoicing came to the land of the Chapel, for a messenger came into the land saying: "Behold Hiker has returned unto you and to him has been restored the nose which he lost. In the morning therefore, get ye up and come hither for he will again rule over his people."

So on the morrow came all to the Chapel, and they were very glad, for they were not bowed down with hymn book and Bible.

But Hiker looked not like a man that rejoiced, for his countenance was stern and he greeted his people, saying:

"Remember the word Lem in my absence gave you."

"Depart, therefore, all who came not with hymn book and Bible."

And there arose from that place a great multitude even unto the wisest of the flock.

Bill, of the tribe of Lupus, had not his Bible, neither had Marcus, the prince of the Harbaughs.

So throughout the land there was wailing and gnashing of teeth, but the law was not withheld, neither was it lightened.

FIDES ET LABOR
PARK
COLLEGE
PARKVILLE MISSOURI
ORGANIZATIONS
CW

HOLLOW NEAR WOODWARD

Preston '14
White '14 King '12 Hamm '11 Carlile '11 Hartley '13 Koch '12 Payne '13
Leker '13 Magers '96 Hall '12 Ward '12 Matthews '03
Murphy '14 Adams '11 Boutwell '11 Jones '13 Smith '12 Samuels '12

Park College Glee Club

The Glee Club is one of the oldest organizations of the college and has always been one of her best advertisers. In its youth the club was known only locally, but its reputation has increased and its work has broadened until this year it has made a trip to the Pacific coast. Besides local concerts and short trips to nearby towns, the Glee Club in 1908 sang at the banquets given in Convention Hall, Kansas City, Missouri; by the Republicans in honor of Wm. H. Taft, then Secretary of War, and by the Democrats, at which occasion Honorable Wm. J. Bryan was the principal speaker. Also in the spring of '08 the club sang several times in Convention Hall at the various meetings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The club was asked to sing during the same year for a series of meetings of men given in the Willis Wood theatre by the Kansas City Young Men's Christian Association. Music was also furnished for the Prohibition rally held at the New Casino and for a concert given at the Academy of Music. In 1909-10 the Club gave many concerts while on trips to the northwestern and southwestern part of our state. The music for the Laymen's Missionary Banquet, held in Convention Hall, Kansas City, last Spring, was furnished by the club.

During the present year, besides giving several out-of-town concerts, the club has sung three times before the Commercial Club of Kansas City;—at their annual meeting held in the club rooms, at their annual John Jay dinner given at the Coates House and at their annual "Sons of Members" banquet given at the Hotel Baltimore. But the longest trip ever taken was the trip to California during the latter part of April. The Santa Fe Railway System sends entertainers out each year to furnish entertainment for their employees in their reading rooms. Many college glee clubs strive hard to land these trips and it was therefore a great honor to be chosen over some of the best glee clubs in the west. The club left on the tenth of April and was gone until the first day of May. The college can certainly feel proud that such an honor has been bestowed upon it through its glee club. The personnel of the club for 1911 is as follows:

Director . . Prof. Roy Vernon Magers
Business Manager . Lloyd R. Boutwell
Reader and Impersonator, John Snyder Carlile
Accompanist . . J. Wilbur Koch

First Tenor

Roy V. Magers, '96 — Robert McCormick Smith, '13
W. H. Murphy, '14 — Boyd A. White, '14

Second Tenor

Ray G. Hall, '12 — John W. Jones, '12
William R. Leker, '13 — Newell T. Preston, '14

First Basso

John S. Carlile, '11 — Ayres B. Adams, '11
Isadore Samuels, '12 — J. Wilbur Koch, '12
Thomas J. Hartley, '13

Second Basso

James M. Matthews, '03 — Maxwell S. Hamm, '11
Alva V. King, '12 — Leon S. Ward, '12
Paul C. Payne, '13

COSMOPOLITAN CLUB

Officers

President, ... SEIICHI IKEMOTO
Vice-President, . . PRESCOTT THOMPSON
Secretary, ... BERT ROBERTS

Top Row

WHITING WOLFE, Parkville, Mo.
WALTER ALTRIDGE, Rochester, N. Y.
ROYAL HALL, Goodman, Mo.
PRESCOTT THOMPSON, Santa Barbara, Cal.
JOHN WRIGHT, Tabriz, Persia.
GRAHAM PARKER, Olney, Ill.
TED RUDKIN, Sandstone, Minn.
WILLIAM MCCANDLESS, Wooster, Ohio.

Second Row

DAN KRUIDENIER, Tanta, Egypt.
JONATHAN SHIMOON, Orovinah, Persia.
HUGH BUCHANAN, Toronto, Canada.
ELIJAH JACOBS, Crawford, Neb.
ANTONIO VILLANUEVA, Capez Panay, P.I
BERT ROBERTS, Lebo, Kans.

Third Row

MORRIS LIGHT, Kansas City, Mo.
SEIICHI IKEMOTO, Yamaguchi, Japan.
H. K. TONG, Shanghai, China.
ARISTIDES MONTIERO, Saopaulo, Brazil.
PETER YANKOFF, Shapel, Bulgaria.

Not in Picture

MERRILL WOLFE, Parkville, Mo.
CONSTANTINE TODOROFF, Tirnovo, Bulgaria

The Cosmopolitan Club

Among the new organizations of the student body in the last few years the Cosmopolitan Club holds a prominent place. Its organization was largely through the efforts of Mr. Seiichi Ikemoto who realized the need of the foreign students for a more intimate relationship. At the time of its organization, May 18, 1909, it comprised representatives of fourteen nationalities. It was more strongly organized the following fall and has since prospered greatly under the able presidency of Mr. Ikemoto.

The local organization in December, 1909, sent two delegates to Ithica, N. Y., to the Third Annual Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs. The Park Chapter there affiliated with the national organization and was thus much strengthened. During this year two delegates were also sent to the Fourth Annual Convention of A. C. C. at Urbana, Illinois.

The Cosmopolitan Club has for its motto, "Above all Nations is Humanity". It aims to bring about international friendship, the brotherhood of man and the propagation of world peace. Locally the club brings into association the men of different nationalities, it trains them in literary work and in discussion of problems of international scope. It is the medium for keeping before the student body its great ideal of world peace. It celebrated in Chapel May 18th, as Peace Day, and the third Sunday of December as Peace Sunday.

The countries at present represented in the club are Japan, China, Mexico, Philippine Islands, Egypt, Brazil, Persia, Germany, Wales, Bulgaria, England, Canada, and the United States. There is an American membership limited to one-third the number of foreign students.

The officers for the year are:

President	Seiichi Ikemoto
Vice-President and Business Manager	Prescott Thompson
Secretary	Robert Roberts
Treasurer	Wm. McCandliss
Chaplain	Royal Hall

The Student Volunteers

Officers

President	Lillian Douglass
Secretary	E. Hughes Kelly

After a lapse of two years, the Student Volunteer Band reorganized last year, with a membership of sixteen. Seven of this number were in the graduating class, but as yet only one of them, Mrs. Olive Glasgow Titus, is on the foreign field. This year seven new names have been added to the roll. The band is made up of regular members, and those expecting to engage in home mission work. Meetings are held on the second and fourth Sundays of the month. Francis E. Clark's recent book on South America, "The Continent of Opportunity", is being used as a text book. The stimulation of interest in missions in the college and the community, as well as the earnest preparation for service in the mission field is the real purpose of the organization. The local group is identified with the Student Volunteer Movement, whose watchword is "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation."

Park College Band and Orchestra

During the past few years the band and orchestra have been under the direction of Prof. O. C. Rader, of Kansas City, with Isadore Samuels as his assistant in the orchestra, and Chas. A. Leker in the band. The orchestra now comprises ten pieces, two first violins, three second violins, two cornets, trombone, piano, and drum. During the past few years the orchestra has played in Sunday School, and this year it has rendered a number in Chapel each Saturday. The band is also in fine shape. The concert this year was, according to the best authorities, one of the best, if not the best, ever given. The band is in demand only on special occasions, such as college victories, special holidays, and open air concerts in the spring of the year. If more constant demand for the band were created, the interest in it would increase and Park College with its present musical talent would have a band of which she could justly be proud.

Craig Thompson McAfee Montgomery Leker
Ivans Samuels Wolfe Rader McAfee

Band

Director, . . . PROF. O. CLAUDE RADER
Leader, ... CHAS. A. LEKER

Top Row

LEKER, W.
KELLY
BOUTWELL
HAMM, C.
DEATLEY

Second Row

DAVIS, W.
KLAMM
HARBAUGH
WYATT

Bottom Row

PRUGH
MCAFEE
SAMUELS
PROF. RADER
LEKER, C.
MONTGOMERY
HAMM, M.
KRUIDENIER
BANKER

Wright Light Askren Bailey Barber Dutton Markland

Cooke Parks Hemphill McAfee Hubbard Smith

Ivorine Glee Club
PARK COLLEGE
1911
JAMBLYN
MOORE
PHOTO
K. C. MO.

Stung

A. W. W. '11

There's always something goin' on,
  When a feller ain't got no girl,
An' other fellers blowin' on,
  Fellers that's got a girl,
'Bout the bunch that's goin' ridin',
Or the coastin' party slidin',
You feel like goin' off and hidin',
  When a feller ain't got no girl.

You can't play a game of tennis
  Unless you've got a girl,
Seems like you're a public menace
  When you ain't got no girl;
For you get run off the courts
By the bloomin' lucky sports,
And the world's all out of sorts,
  When a feller ain't got no girl.

You just don't seem to count for nothin',
  When a feller ain't got no girl,
Unless you take to bluffin'
  'Nd make folks think you've got a girl;
And you're sure to be too late,
Try'ng to make a Chapel date,
If there ain't six weeks to wait,
  When a feller ain't got no girl.

The worst is at the last o' the week,
  If you ain't got no girl,
When all the fellers takes a streak
  Prom'nadin' with their girls;
It seems like you weren't any one,
And every body's havin' fun
But just except your Mama's son,
  When a feller ain't got no girl.

Of course it sometimes makes him trouble
  When a feller's got a girl,
It makes his bill for sodas double
  When a feller's got a girl,
But with the way a feller's driven,
And the hard knocks that he's given,
Life ain't hardly worth the livin',
  When a feller ain't got no girl.

"Familiar Scenes."

ORATORY

CW

Inter-Collegiate Orators

J. D. ORR

Winner Missouri Inter-Collegiate Contest at Tarkio, Missouri, 1908.

Oration:—"The World's Lawgiver."

Winner Missouri Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest at Fulton, Missouri, 1909.

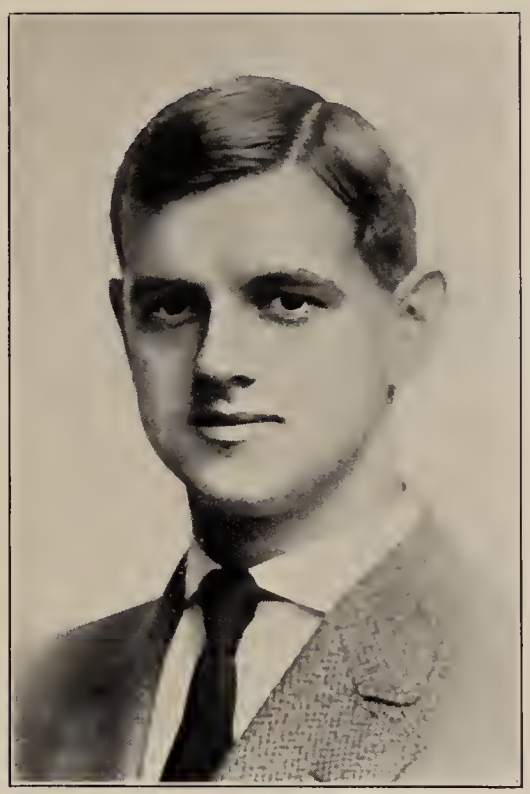
Oration:—"The Leaven of Civilization."

J. F. ORR

Inter-Collegiate Orators

J. S. CARLILE

Park's Orator



C. M. SCOTT

Park's Committeeman

The 1911 Inter-collegiate Contest in the state of Missouri was not won by Park. Neither did Park lose the contest. Neither did she lack a winning orator. To explain the paradox. Mr. Carlile, Park's representative and a man quite clearly very much feared by the other contestants, had acted as occasional student supply in the Presbyterian church of Breckenridge, Mo., having in reality supplied the pulpit eight times between September, 1910, and March, 1911. Further, the Constitution of the Missouri Oratorical Association contains a clause which makes any contestant ineligible "who has practiced a profession which requires public speaking." Central, William Jewell, Tarkio and Westminster Colleges at the meeting of the executive committee voted an interpretation upon this clause which accomplished its purpose of excluding Mr. Carlile from the contest together with Mr. Schuder, the representative of Drury College.

Altho the action was taken upon the day of the contest, Park requested the *privilege* of placing a substitute upon the program that evening. The request was refused by the four colleges above named.

Local Oratorical Contests

November 6, 1906

First L. E. SIMRALL . . . . . "Daniel Webster"
Second—RALPH WAGGONER . . . . "A More Complete Patriotism"
Third—JOSEPH KASPAR . . . . "Cecil Rhodes, the Empire Builder"

December 10, 1907

First—J. DAVID ORR . . . . . "The World's Law Giver"
Second—J. R. KASPAR . "Cecil Rhodes, the Statesman and Empire Builder"
Third—WALTER J. GRESHAM . . . . . "Lincoln, the Statesman"

1908

First—J. FERGUS ORR . . . . . "The Leaven of Our Civilization"
Second—J. S. CARLILE . . . . . "Labor, our Royal Heritage"
Third—SEIICHI IKEMOTO . . . . . "Japan in the Orient"

1909

First—ISADORE SAMUELS . . . "Conservation of our Natural Resources"
Second—THOMAS A. BROWN . . . . "The Federation of the World"
Third—J. S. CARLILE . . . . . "Labor, our Royal Heritage"

1910

First—J. S. CARLILE . . . "Commercialism, a Foe to Social Order"
Second—ISADORE SAMUELS . . "Conservation of our Natural Resources"
Third—ALEXANDER LEWIS . . "The Crime of our Industrial Civilization"

Junior-Senior Oratoricals

1907

First—Thomas B. Thompson
Second—Lapsley E. Simrall
Third—Walter J. Gresham

1908

First—Wilson C. Meyers
Second—Ralph C. McAfee
Third—Joseph R. Kaspar

1909

First—J. David Orr
Second—James T. Mordy
Third—Thomas A. Brown

1910

First—Chas. A. Leker
Second—Dollie Mae Towne
Third—Thomas A. Brown

M. UNION
WK8N
CARTHAGE
LUCERNE
CENTRAL
MANUAL

DEBATE

C.W.

Inter-Collegiate Debate

Park vs Tarkio, March 29th, 1907, Parkville

HENRY E. MOODY

Affirmative—Tarkio

Paul Bester
Roy W. Henderson
James J. Wilson

WALTER J. GRESHAM

Question; Resolved, That candidates for all elective offices in the state should be nominated by the direct vote of the political parties.

Decision—3 for Park.

JOSEPH R. KASPER

Negative—Park

Henry E. Moody, '07
Joseph R. Kasper, '08
Walter J. Gresham, '08

Inter-Collegiate Debate

Missouri Valley vs. Park, 1907, Marshall

JOHN A. McAFEE

Missouri Valley—Negative

RALPH McAFEE

Question;—Direct election of Senators
Decision—2 for Park.

JAMES R. ESKRIDGE

Park—Affirmative.

Inter-Collegiate Debate

Park vs. Missouri Valley, April, 24th, 1908, Parkville

J. F. ORR

Affirmative—Missouri Valley

E. S. Hudson
G. M. Gordon
J. C. Willingham

J. A. DUNAWAY

Question;—Resolved, That the United States should subsidize its merchant marine.

Decision—3 for Park.

J. R. KASPAR

Negative—Park

J. F. Orr, '09
J. A. Dunaway, '10
J. R. Kaspar, '08

Inter-Collegiate Debate

Tarkio vs. Park, 1908, Tarkio

JOHN A. McAFEE

Affirmative—Tarkio

WALTER J. GRESHAM

Question;—Income Tax.

*D*ecision—3 for Park.

RALPH C. McAFEE

Negative—Park

Inter-Collegiate Debate

Park vs. Emporia, 1909, Parkville

PAUL H. McAFEE

Emporia—Negative

CHAS. A. LEKER

Question;—Postal Savings Bank.

Decision—3 for Park.

THOMAS A. BROWN

Park—Affiirmative

Inter-Collegiate Debate

Coe vs. Park, March 26th, 1909, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

J. F. ORR

Affirmative—Coe

Howard H. Preston
Haven Y. Simmons
William H. Olmstead

A. R. WESTFALL

Question;—Resolved, That a Central Bank of Issue should be established in the United States as a part of its banking and currency system.

Decision—2 for Park.

J. D. ORR

Negative—Park

J. F. Orr, '09
A. R. Westfall, '11
J. D. Orr, '09

Inter-Collegiate Debate

Missouri Valley vs. Park, 1909, Marshall

WILLIAM T. BELLAMY

Affirmative—Park

William T. Bellamy, '09
Isadore Samuels, '12
John A. Dunaway, '10

ISADORE SAMUELS

Question;—Resolved, That the United States should establish a system of Postal Savings Banks.

Decision—2 for Park.

JOHN A. DUNAWAY

Negative—Missouri Valley

B. Gregg
W. S. Armenstrout
J. Willingham

Inter-Collegiate Debate

Park vs. Drury, March 25th, 1910, Parkville

W. MERRILL WOLFE

Affirmative—Drury

Wallace J. Haswell
John K. Bear
Austin I. Lodge

J. HENRY IRWIN

Question;—Resolved, That a Central Bank of Issue and Reserve should be established in the United States.

Decision—3 for Park.

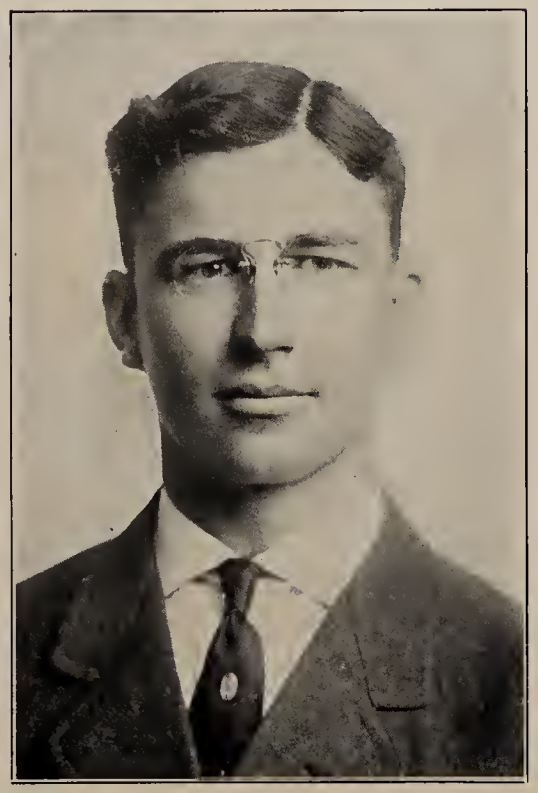
MAXWELL S. HAMM

Negative—Park

W. Merrill Wolfe, '11
J. Henry Irwin, '11
M. S. Hamm, '11

Inter-Collegiate Debate

Ottawa vs. Park, April 15th, 1910, Ottawa



DUNCAN McRUER

Affirmative—Ottawa

Leland Jenks
Wayne Gilliland
Frank Price

THOMAS A. BROWN

Question;—Resolved, That the financial welfare of the people of the United States demands the establishment of a Central Bank to be directed and controlled by the National Government.

Decision—3 for Park.

ALFRED R. WESTFALL

Negative—Park

D. McRuer, '12
T. A. Brown, '10
A. R. Westfall, '11

Inter-Collegiate Debate

Drury vs. Park, March 28th, 1911, Springfield

ISADORE SAMUELS

Affirmative—Drury

Herschel Sampson, '12
Wm. Willby, '13
Frank Campbell, '13

J. H. IRWIN

Question:—Resolved That the industrial and economic welfare of the United States demands the establishment of a Parcels Post similar to that of Germany.

Decision—3 for Park.

MAX HAMM

Isadore Samuels, '12
J. H. Irwin, '11
Max Hamm, '11

Inter-Collegiate Debate

Park vs. Ottawa, April 14th, 1911, Parkville

M. MERRILL WOLFE

A. W. WOLFE

ALFRED WESTFALL

Affirmative—Park

M. Merrill Wolfe, '11
A. W. Wolfe, '11
Alfred Westfall, '11

Question.—Resolved, That a Federal Income Tax on all incomes in excess of $4000 would be a desirable part of our system of taxation. Constitutionality granted.

Decision—3 for Park.

Negative—Ottawa

Charles Battin
Frank Jennings
William Miller

Inter-Society Debates

1908

First Debate

Joseph Kaspar, '08; John Dunaway, '10 and Tom Brown, '10; Parchevard. Against John McAfee, '08; Fergus Orr, '09 and Duncan McRuer; Lowell.

"Taxation of Bonds, Mortgages, etc." Negative, Parchevard, won, 2-1.

Second Debate

J. Henry Irwin, '11; Sol Light, '08, and Willard Baker, '08; Parchevard. Against Paul McAfee, '09; William Bellamy, '09 and Max Hamm, '11; Lowell.

"Federal Control of Inter-State Commerce." Affirmative, Lowell, victorious, 2-1.

1909

First Debate

Tom Brown, '10; A. R. Westfall, '11 and Chas. A. Leker, '11; Parchevard. Against David and Fergus Orr, '09 and Paul McAfee, '09; Lowell.

"Ship Subsidy". Affirmative, Lowell, victorious, 2-1.

Second Debate

J. Henry Irwin, '11; P. Merle Scott, '11 and John Dunaway, '10; Parchevard. Against Max Hamm, '11; Isadore Samuels '12 and Merrill Wolfe. '11; Lowell.

"Postal Savings Bank". Negative, Lowell, victorious, 2-1.

1910

First Debate

John Snyder Carlile, '11; John Dunaway, '10 and Tom Brown, '10; Parchevard. Against Isadore Samuels, '12; Merrill Wolfe, '11 and Max Hamm, '11; Lowell.

"Commission form of Government for Cities". Negative, Parchevard, won, 2-1.

Second Debate

P. Merle Scott, C. O. Dunaway and Chas. A. Leker, all '11; Parchevard. Against Bruce Robb, '12; Ray Salsbury, '12 and Albert Thomas, '13; Lowell.

"Were actions in taking Panama Canal from Columbia Justifiable?" Negative, Parchevard, won, 5-0.

No debates in 1911, on account of dispute concerning judges.

Inter-Class Debates

Freshman-Sophomore

1907

Hugh Arbaugh, Tom Brown and John Dunaway, against J. Fergus Orr, Ralph Connybeare, Albert Caldwell, Sophomore.

"Popular Election of Senators." Negative, Freshmen, won.

1908

P. Merle Scott, A. R. Westfall and Chas. A. Leker against Chas. Murphy, Leon Ward and Hugh Arbaugh, Sophomore.

"Postal Savings Bank." Affirmative, upheld by Sophomores, won, 2-1.

1909

George and Bruce Robb and John Jones, against C. O. Dunaway, Whiting and Merrill Wolfe, Sophomore.

"Central Bank." Negative, Sophomore, won, 2-1.

1910

Melville Montgomery, Edd Trett and Torrence McRuer, against John Jones, Royal Hall and Ralph McGaughy, Sophomore

"Woman Suffrage." Affirmative, Sophomores, victorious, 2-1.

1911

Fred Brown, Edwin Walline and Emerson, against Lyle Dean, Melville Montgomery and Wm. R. Leker, Sophomore.

"Federal Court of Arbitration." Affirmative, Freshman side victors, 3-2.

Athletics
P

Senior Athletic Record, 1911

In the write-ups of the other classes only victories are recorded, probably they are ashamed to record all their defeats. The following is an exact account of the Senior Class's record in athletics.

The tennis doubles were won by J. H. Irwin and Charles A. Leker in 1908 from Ralph and John McAfee, score 6-4, 1-6 and 11-9. In 1909 from Kenneth McAfee and "Skinnie" Weston, score 6-0, 3-6 and 6-2. In 1910 from the same team, score 6-2, 6-4. Tennis singles begun in 1910, won by Leker.

In basket ball we entered college with the championship, having won it as fourth years. During our college course we were beaten three times; once by the class of 1910, once by 1912, and finally by the class of 1913, to whom we lost the championship in the fall of our Senior year. Scott, Leker, Dunaway, Hamm and Christensen composed the team until 1910, when Irwin, Westfall, Wolfe and Harbaugh played in some of the games.

The relay race was won in 1908-1909 by Messrs. McNeil, Dunaway, Harbaugh and Leker. In 1910 Christensen took McNeil's place and the team won again.

In base ball we held the championship until the fall of our Sophomore year when we lost it to the Freshmen, but in the spring we beat them and were also victorious over the second years who had the championship of the Academy. In the fall of our Junior year we lost to the class of 1913 and have not played since. The nine men pictured comprise the team.

C. O. Dunaway has won the hurdle race three years in succession.

Milton Harbaugh has won the 50 and 100 yard dashes, as well as several good seconds in other sprints and sports. He also won the Schmelzer Trophy this year.

A. R. Westfall has won the mile race for the last two years, and last year he also won the half mile and the four forty.

In the spring of our Senior year every one is sprinting. Many are on the "last lap", and a few are on the "home stretch".

Lowell Baseball Team, 1910-11

Records

Annual Lowell-Parchevard Baseball Games

1908-09		1909-10	
Parchevard	7	Parchevard	11
Lowell	6	Lowell	1

1910-11	
Lowell	4
Parchevard	3

Parchevard Basket Ball Team, 1911

Records

Inter-Society Basket Ball

1909-10 . . . Parchevard won
1910-11 . . . . Parchevard won

A Real Sprinter

He holds the record between Nickel and Copley.

Wm. Leker

Cup Winners
Field and Track Meet

1907	Blayney
1908 .	G. McAfee and Caldwell tied
1909	H. Arbaugh
1910	Wm. Leker
1911 . . .	W. M. Harbaugh

Class Champions

1906-07 . .	Acad. '07
1907-08 . .	Class '10
1908-09 . .	Class '11
1909-10 . .	Class '11
1910-11 . .	Class '13

1913 Team

Faculty "Bawl" Team

Faculty
"Bawl" Team

O, that their fathers might do as well in the annual Senior-Faculty Ball Game.

The Stylus

The *Stylus* is the monthly publication of Park College. Its staff is elected annually from the Senior Class and the responsibility for its regular appearance is assumed by this body, but it has been the aim of the management to limit the scope of the magazine in no way and to make it representative of the literary ability, not of the Senior Class alone, but of all Park College.

The first class to undertake the *Stylus*, we believe, was the class of 1896. Vastly different are those first numbers from the magazine as it appears today. Quite a good deal of space was devoted at the very first for editorials. Then followed the literary matter, usually an essay or an oration, or, as in one instance, a treatise on the nebulae of Orion by the head of the astronomical department. Locals and personals were given much space. Yet we have no doubt but that this early *Stylus* compared quite favorably with the monthly publications of our sister institutions at that time.

But the *Stylus* today is vastly changed. Instead of fifteen pages of literary matter the magazine this year has averaged thirty pages and the largest issue contained forty-two pages of reading matter. The tendency has become more and more marked to emphasize most especially the literary portion. Locals and personals are important but they deserve the first place in a weekly rather than in a monthly publication. And as for the literary material of the *Stylus* in recent years we believe it has been high. In one issue appeared an oration on "Child Labor" by a Senior. The *Stylus* went to a Park graduate in an Idaho town, the oration attracted attention, and was used by a high school student there in an oratorical contest. The Park man did the drilling and a Park *Stylus* furnished the oration and together they carried the contestant to first place. This may be an unusual incident, but it at least bears testimony to the high merit of the literary efforts of this institution as they appear in the college magazine.

All the editors of the *Stylus*, since the last NARVA appeared have been men well-known in the college life. In 1907 Lloyd Goff wielded the quill. Goff was an honor man in his class and took a prominent part in oratory and debate during his college career. In 1908 Walter J. Gresham directed the policies of the magazine. He also left his mark high, being one of the foremost inter-collegiate debaters of his time and the Honor Orator of his class. J. David Orr, the editor of 1909, was one of the few "ever-victorious" debaters which Park has turned out and in addition will be remembered as the one who snatched victory from our sister institutions and won for Park a state oratorical in 1908. And last, but not least, in the roll is Luther Bicknell of the class of '10, who, while neither debater nor orator, was, nevertheless, one of the men most looked up to on this campus.

Yes, the *Stylus* has advanced in the last five years and no doubt will continue to make advancement. It is not a perfect publication. In fact, one would hardly expect to find in a college magazine the perfection of an *Atlantic Monthly* or a *North American Review*. But each class has had before it a high ideal of college journalism, in the past college men of the highest type have directed it, and we believe will continue to do so. And five or six years from now it is more than probable that the *Stylus* will be twice as fine a publication as it is today.

Honors

1906

Valedictorian . . Edwin H. Zion
Salutatorian . Lester M. Wilson
Honor Orator . . Jay M. Gleason
Honor Essayist . Irene Bernheim

1907

Valedictorian . . Edith E. Towne
Salutatorian . A. Ruth Weltner
Honor Orator . . Ralph Waggoner
Honor Essayist . Ethel Robinson

1908

Valedictorian . . Agnes E. Hoyle
Salutatorian . Elizabeth B. Elliott
Honor Essayist . Ruby C. Cook
Honor Orator . Walter J. Gresham

1909

Valedictorian . . Ina E. Graham
Salutatorian . . Hazel Murray
Honor Orator . Albert F. Caldwell
Honor Essayist, Maglinnie Mae Trett

1910

Valedictorian . Margaret A. Aitken
Salutatorian . . Pearl Boutwell
Honor Orator . . John Dunaway
Honor Essayist . Frances Lane

1911

Valedictorian . Dollie Mae Towne
Salutatorian . . P. Merle Scott
Honor Orator . W. Merrill Wolfe
Honor Essayist, Maggibel Course

A Modern Faust

"Tellord Mardt."

One annual feature of the college year was the amateur play. Year by year interest had grown in this event until it had become the most popular of student activities. This year the dramatic spirit reached its zenith. Driven on by past successes they had decided to attempt the highest of dramatic forms, the grand opera. There were many good voices among the students and a dramatic teacher aided by a music teacher of a good deal of ability, had determined to make this year's attempt a dazzling success or a dismal failure. The opera selected was Faust. The characters chosen for the leading parts were two lovers, for Faust, a tall, handsome, passionate second tenor, for Margarita a quiet, modest little girl with a rich, clear soprano.

All winter they practiced faithfully and now as spring advanced everything was rounding out nicely until it seemed that their most difficult undertaking was to culminate in their grandest success.

The amateur Faust and his Margarita were constantly together and a growing passion added an extra sweetness to the harmony of their tones that only comes when love plays on the chords of life. So earnestly did they sing their parts that the drama lost its amateur touch, rose above the mechanicalness of the professional stage, and held the listeners with the charm and earnestness of a real life tragedy. When Faust called Margarita he was no longer merely singing his part in a great harmony but his heart was calling. When Margarita sang that glorious song to the stars she was uttering the true emotions that were swelling up within her breast.

It was the night of the opera; the college chapel was filled as it had never been filled before. The play started off smoothly and so far had been all that could be desired. It was the third act, the garden scene, where Faust woos and wins Margarita. The charm of the love story held the audience. The saw no fault in the scene that was being presented before them. Only the dramatic professor, who had worked with them all winter noticed that the lover's parts had lost their spontaneity and they seemed only to be singing their music. He attributed it to nervousness but still he seemed to feel that something was wrong.

And there was. There had been a quarrel the night before at the last rehearsal. It was concerning the manner in which Margarita should portray her part where she confesses her love for Faust. It started out of what was meant for a suggestion by Faust but given in the tone of a correction. It was only a little thing, but it had been enough to set off a hasty temper and in an instant two highly wrought natures had forgotten their affection and two rash tongues had spoken stinging remarks that it would take two stubborn hearts long days of suffering to forgive. The love of two sensitive natures was consumed in indignation. An apology was demanded. But it was too late for a proud nature to apologize. The little lady looked squarely into his eyes.

"Never until you apologize will I sing that part again."

"An apology," he replied, meeting her eyes, "is due when you have committed an offense. At present I owe none."

They parted. There was a challenge in their voices as they sang their parts that evening, each determined not to yield and each knowing the other would not. The audience did not know that a real drama was being enacted within the tragedy they were watching. The success of the attempt promised to be complete. Not a fault had marred it thus far. Yet each of the lovers was dreading the approach of the fatal part. To apologize was out of the question now. Faust was pleading with

Margarita in the garden there. She had started to the house. On the steps she was supposed to turn and confess her love for Faust. It was the point over which they had quarreled. She stood on the steps. Their eyes met challengingly but neither moved. Both were silent. The music went on. In an instant everything was in confusion. The orchestra stopped. Margarita turned and walked off of the stage. Faust stood in his place, motionless and unheeding. The professor thot they had forgotten but prompting was in vain. The curtain dropped.

They found Margarita in her dressing room slowly taking off her costume. She was silent to all questions and pleadings to go on were of no avail. Faust was equally silent and obdurate. The audience slowly wandered out of the chapel, dazed and puzzled.

To forgive now was impossible. The next day Faust left college without a word of explanation. The girl, less at liberty to obey her will, stayed the year out, sad and broken hearted. She never returned.

A girl, a slender, quiet little girl, stole out of a large summer house and wandered down to the edge of the lake that lay peaceful and still in the quiet of the evening. The full, solitary moon was flooding the surface with a soft, melancholy light. The whole scene was one of loneliness, of solitude and sadness. But loneliest of all was the little lady by the water's edge. Her hair hung loose about her shoulders and the pale moon light fell on a face strangely melancholy and two blue eyes full of tears. Tonight she had given herself up to despair. She was strangely sad with a sweet, melancholy sadness that possessed none of the sting and bitterness of pain and was rich in joy. Her thots wandered back over a period of years and she was Margarita again. It was the last rehearsal. She stood in her costume listening to a clear second tenor that called her "Margarita". Then her cheeks flushed as she remembered those cruel, harsh words again, those words she had repented a thousand times. Slowly the flush died on her cheek and she remembered only that he had called her and that her heart had answered.

Far out on the lake a single boatman paddled silently along in a light canoe. He had started before sunset on a solitary journey down the lake. The beauty of the night held him this late. He had forgotten his goal. A strange unrest seemed to possess him. He sat motionless. His thots too had carried him back to college days. He was Faust again as he sat there now, repeating that call his heart had been giving for years. How often out on the desolate prairies away from human ears he had given it clear and full. He had flung out for the breeze to carry where grazing herds of cattle raised their heads to listen. He had called it fierce in the teeth of the roaring blast. He had sung it with all the longing of a desolate heart, and listened for the echo to throw back the cadence of his tones. He had called it softly in the quiet of the evening shadows as to some one very near. Tonight he gave it again, soft and low, and five years of suffering and longing added an extra sweetness to his musical tones.

"Margarita."

The little lady started. Surely it was only fancy. She listened. She seemed to hear it again, low, far away, barely audible but in tones that had been ringing thru her memory for years. "Margarita." she thot she heard. It was only a delusion, she assured herself, but in answer to her fancy she sang the part she had once refused to sing.

"I love you," her clear soprano rang out loud and defiantly as the music of her part came back to her.

Far out on the lake a man's heart almost stopped and then beat with feverish haste.

"Margarita" he called loud and clear, this time and with the anguish of despair. Then from across the water swelled forth the sweetest melody his heart had ever heard. It seemed to pour itself out into the night, over the peaceful lake and into

a lonely soul. He sat immovable while he drank in the beauty of the "Song to the Stars" of that grand old opera.

"He loves me. He loves me.
Repeat it again, bird that callest;
Soft wind that fallest,
When the light of evening dieth,
Bear a part in the strain.
He loves me. Ah, our world is glorious
And more than heaven above us.
The air is bálmy
With the very breath of love.
How the boughs embrace and murmur,
At morn, at morn.
Ah, speed, thou night, away.
He will return. Come".

And over the surface of the lake it came again, ringing and triumphant, "Margarita".

And for two hearts the night had sped, and the morning for which they had waited, broke in glorious splendor upon their lonely hearts.

Freshman

Four lessons to learn,
How the hours fly!
But I shall be popular
By and by.
I've been asked by the handsomest boy that's here,
To go to a picnic the first of the year
And I've turned down two others; now isn't it queer?
My! Oh, my!

Sophomore

Only a Sophomore! Nellie Bly,
Is a Freshman, I hate her. She's awful sly!
The faculty says she is brighter than I
And Bill called her pretty, I can't see why.
This college is really the slowest grind
I think I'll go somewhere that's more to my mind.

Junior

I think I will stick to my books this year,
'Tis the second half of my college sphere
And graduation is very near,
And I average eighty-nine.

Senior

Bring me my gown, please, Patty, dear,
Is my mortar board on quite straight?
Three Freshmen arrive on the morning train
And it never will do to be late.

Hand me my gloves, please, Patty, dear,
Is my walk quite dignified,
Do Harry and I make an elegant pair,
As we walk off side by side?

My logic lesson is quite unlearned?
Yes, Patty, but never mind,
We are burdened with so many cares you know,
The professors will surely be kind.

D. M. T. '11

The Tables Turned

W. K. M., '12

Dense darkness filled our little room,
  Our bodies wrapped in soundest sleep,
Without a forecast of our doom,
  Across our room at three did creep
Eight Sophs just dying for some fun;
Eight Valiant Sophomores, four to one.

They bound us fast with rope and wire,
  Our futile efforts they defied.
Of this rare sport they could not tire,
  Nor could we long this sport abide.
They waited for the rising sun,
These doughty Sophomores, four to one.

Without the Sophomores knowing why,
  There came a helper from the north.
Our galling bands he did untie,
  Then swift we were to issue forth.
They wished their stunt they'd never done
These doughty Sophomores, four to one.

Full fleet of foot were all but five,
  These men we caught and forthwith bound.
The rest the carnage did survive,
  Escaped the fray without a wound.
The woods they entered on the run
These Sophomores lately four to one.

They coursed the woods for many a mile,
  This band of brave and daring men.
They found the banks of Egypt's Nile,
  And many a fierce wild creature's den.
Of farmer's wives they begged a bun,
These Sophomores lately four to one.

When Phoebus' wearied horses neared
  Their plunge into the grassy deep,
The daring Sohpies soon appeared,
  In close formation did they keep.
We hailed them with the setting sun,
The Sophomores lately four to one.

The Coming of the Eli

The lights of Station A shone feebly through the mist. Against its red walls and tiny windows, the steadily beating rain kept time with the click of the telegraph. The town clock told the hour of seven, and, as the last stroke died away, from far down the river like an answering echo, came the rain-soaked whistle of the Eli. As the night agent crossed the platform, he stumbled over a small boy, who, muffled in an overcoat, and huddled under a big umbrella, stood close to the track, watching the headlight of the approaching train, as it rounded the long curve.

"Hello, Junior! So the rain didn't scare you out!"

"Oh, no, Mr. Baker. I always meet daddy, you know."

The Eli pulled in. A big man in an engineer's cap caught the boy's hand, and together they hurried away through the darkness.

Since the death of his wife, two years before, Jim Mortan had lived alone with his boy, with only old colored Aunt Mimy to care for the house. His lonely life had centered around Junior, who clung to him with unswerving devotion. For Jim Mortan, Junior formed the one warm spot in a cold world. To Junior, his big, bluff father was an ideal of manhood, though others deemed him a cold, hard man.

At day-break, Engineer Mortan was off again to his engine, to return on the Eli, in the evening. The storm had not abated during the night. It seemed rather to have gathered momentum, for, as the day passed, the steady downpour continued. Swollen streams roared through the valleys. The river rose, and swept along, a flood of destruction, carrying away bridges, devastating fields and ruining homes. When 6:30 arrived, Junior appeared as usual to meet the Eli.

"Aunt Mimy, where are my boots? Oh, here they are. Oh, do come help me, or I shall be late."

"Laws sakes, chile, yo' ain't goin' anywhered tonight. You'd git washed clean away."

"Oh, yes, I am, Aunt Mimy. Daddy would be lonesome if he came and I wasn't there. I've never missed once you know."

Junior struggled into his boots and started for the door.

"Lawse, chile. Heah dat win' now and jest look at dat water. Yo'dad'll jist plum kill me ef you gits hurt. You ain' goin' leave ole Aunt Mimy? She git lonesome, too. Come, now, an' I'll fry yo' some pancakes. Come on honey."

"But Aunt Mimy, I just must go. I've never missed once, and I can't miss now. Don't you be afraid. I'll come back and take care of you just as soon as ever I meet daddy. And be sure to have the pancakes ready."

He was gone. Presently the clock struck seven, and lingered over the last stroke, waiting for the shriek of the Eli to catch up the dying tone, and fling it to the echoing hills. But the sound was lost in the mist, and no whistle responded. Through cold and wet, Junior still waited by the track. Seven-thirty passed and yet no train. The agent came out and looked anxiously at the rising river.

"Please, sir, could you tell me when the Eli will be in?"

"My God, Junior, you waiting still!"

The man turned away. He could not tell the child that a washout had wrecked the Eli and that Jim Mortan would come home no more.

It was Aunt Mimy who came at last and led the boy away. She tried to explain, but Junior only grasped the idea that his father had gone on a long journey. He would surely return some evening when the Eli pulled in. Seven o'clock the next evening found the child faithful at his post. When the train arrived, he watched,

with eager eyes, for a big man in an engineer's cap. When the last passenger was off and the Eli had gone its way, he turned to the agent.

"Mr. Baker, is Heaven very far away?"

"I—I—don't know, Junior. Why do you ask?"

"Because, Mr. Baker, my daddy has gone there. But I thought he would be back tonight. He'll sure come tomorrow, won't he, Mr. Baker?"

"I don't know, Junior. Maybe he will. Maybe he will."

It was the same on the following evening and the next and the next—anticipation and disappointment for the little boy—but never discouragement.

"He must be awful lonesome, Aunt Mimy," he said at last, " 'Cause he hasn't got anybody in the world but me. He did have mamma, but she died, and now he hasn't anybody but me. He must be awful lonesome 'thout me with him so long."

"Po' li'l' lamb. I reckon you's the lonesome one. Come here, chile. Ole Aunt Mimy'll tek kere o' you, case you ain't got nobody else."

Junior was not to be left long to Aunt Mimy's tender care. Officious neighbors decided that the proper place for the little boy was the big brick orphan asylum that stood in the suburbs of the town. So, one evening he said good-bye to the weeping old colored woman.

"Don't you cry, Aunt Mimy. I'll come back and take care of you just as soon as ever daddy gets home. I'm going to watch for him every night, then won't he be glad to see me there? Only, I wish he would hurry, 'cause it's awful long to wait."

The orphanage was a strange place, with its rows of white beds, its long tables, and the groups of children who played happily together. To Junior, it was a world of which he knew nothing. The teachers tried to include him in the games, but he liked best to sit watching, and softly talking to himself. The first evening he slipped away, and when he was missed, a long search found him standing by the track, waiting for the Eli. After that they were more careful, and his most earnest entreaties could not induce his teacher to let him meet the night train. He could only stand at his window and watch its long row of lights glide swiftly through the darkness and disappear, and then lie awake, hoping that his father had come and would presently call for him.

"Miss Emma," he said, one day, "What makes the birds go south in the fall?"

"They go to keep warm in winter, dear."

"And what do they do in summer?"

"They come back again, in the spring."

"Miss Emma, does everything that goes away in the fall, come back in the spring?"

"Why, yes, I think so, dear."

"Then, Miss Emma, my daddy went away in the fall, and he will come back in the spring, won't he, Miss Emma?"

"My dear, I hate to disappoint you, but I am afraid not. You know your father is dead."

"Oh, no, he isn't, Miss Emma. He's gone to Heaven. I know, 'cause Aunt Mimy told me. She says I can go there, too, some day, but he will have to come back for me first, 'cause I never could go alone. How long is it till spring, Miss Emma?"

"Four months, dear."

"That's an awful long time to wait. I wish he would hurry. Seems like he never would come."

The winter months passed slowly at the orphanage.

"Tomorrow will be spring," Bob announced one day, "Gee, but I'm glad! Then we can go out doors and play, and have fun."

Spring! the word brought a great thrill to Junior. The next night he planned shrewdly and slipped away unnoticed to meet the evening train. He dared not go by the open street, so he took a back alley, slid down a high bank, crossed a long railroad bridge, and there were the lights of Station A, twinkling cheerily through the darkness. The clock struck seven and far down the track, the shriek of a whistle

proclaimed the coming of the Eli. The out-going passengers were saying their last good byes, and gathering suit cases and bundles, when suddenly there was a sharp cry, a startled exclamation, and several men sprang forward. A heavily loaded truck had been pushed rapidly along the platform and a falling trunk had struck a child who stood close to the track. They lifted the limp, little form, and their faces softened as they recognized Junior.

"He's bad hurt. Where shall we take him?"

"To the orphanage," said one.

"To the hospital," said another.

While they hesitated, an old colored woman pushed her way through the little group.

"Give him to me," she said. "Honey, they shan't take you back to the orphanage. Yo' b'longs to me. Aunt Mimy gwine to tek care o' you. Give him to me."

So they took him to her little house, where he lay unconscious for hours, at intervals tossing restlessly, and calling for his father. Aunt Mimy sat by his bed, trying to soothe him, and noting with dismay how his strength grew less, while the doctor battled in vain with the rising fever. The next evening, as she bent anxiously over him, he opened his eyes, and the look of confusion slowly gave way to the light of reason.

"Aunt Mimy."

"Yes, honey."

"When will the Eli be in?"

"Pretty quick, honey."

"Aunt Mimy, do you think he will come? I've waited so long—so awful long? Do you think he will ever come?"

"Oh, darlin', you'll break your ole Aunt Mimy's heart. I wish I could make him come, honey."

"I wanted to meet him—but—now—I'm so tired. I'll guess I'll just have to wait. He'll surely come—in the spring."

"Maybe he will, Junior. I guess he will."

"Aunt Mimy, where are you? It's so dark. I can't see."

"I'm right here, look, darlin', don't you see me? Oh, Junior."

"I'll wait till spring. He'll come—in—the—spring."

There was silence in the little room. Save for the sobbing of the old woman, for Junior's long waiting was over. The endless spring had come.

And far away, round the long curve, the Eli pulled in through the mist.

A Study In Ethics

R. T.

My teachers say I'm wilful,
  Prexy says the same,
My matron calls me giddy,
  But the kids all call me game.
Mighty mad I am a girl—
  Rather be a boy
Without that quiet dignity,
  Which gives our matrons joy.
I'd rather run to chapel,
  Borrow all my roommate's clothes,
Hate like wild to be "discreet"
  And quell my "inner foes".
But now at times, I fear
And show docility.
  Teachers said "improvement",
Matron wisely laughed,
  Wilson saw an "upward movement",
But the kids just called it graft!
  Always used to feel so gay
Held frequent feeds in number ten,
  And skipped one class a day
A strolling with young men.
  But Senior privileges are nigh—
I'm going to repent!
  And conscientiously try
"Restrictions" to prevent,
So just about this time of year
  This is the reason why you see
Just before Commencement time
  I'm good as I can be.

If you're waking, call me early! call me early, Jessie dear!
There's toast to make and cakes to bake, for the Copley
    boys eat here.
And many a hungry youth is coming here from Wood-
    ward Hall,
So, if you hear the kitchen boy, do not forget to call.

I used to think that I could make good coffee and hot
    tea,
And bake hot muffins like my sister used to bake for me,
But I must learn to cook just as the dietitians say,
So if you're waking, call me early! call me at break of
    day.

B. M., '11

The Tell Tale Note

Lou Orr, '12

It was the night of the Inter-Collegiate Debate. The Campus was unusually quiet. The boys had been permitted to accompany the debaters to the scene of the conflict. Just before lunch a committee of girls—who were blessed with persuasive powers, was appointed to wait upon the preceptress and obtain permission for the girls to stay up until "returns" should come in. Mildred was spokesman for the committee and the girls gathered in room No. 12 to await her return. In a few moments she backed into the door wearing a large placard which read, "Request Not Granted," and as solemnly strolled out again.

To four other girls of the group these questionable actions of Mildred meant more than an outsider would have guessed. Minnie, the Junior; Edith, Ruth and Maud with Mildred, comprised a company mysterious in its actions and wonderful to the under-classmen—known as the F. B. G's. These three mysterious letters were the ensignia of the Fierce Band of Gormandizers, though no one outside of the club knew their true meaning. Usually they passed as Five Bad Girls.

The band had dispersed and as the supper bell rang, Mildred passed close to Ruth and pressed a note into her hand. While the blessing was being asked, Ruth stole a glance and read, "Mew is the word No. 14 at ten o'clock sharp. F. B. G's." To add to the mystery, a skull and crossbones in red ink decorated the paper. Ruth was the only one of the five who did not room on the third floor. She had two room-mates who were always curious to know just exactly what the F. B. G's. did in their nightly meetings.

Ruth studied vigorously until she was sure it was almost ten. When her watch convinced her that it was only eight thirty, she decided to go to bed in hopes that her room-mates would follow her example. They did so and soon Ruth was so sure that they were asleep that she quietly stole toward the door. Just when she was sure she was safe, the door creaked and the older of the girls who was very solicitous said, "Ruth, what are you doing?" Trembling audibly, Ruth answered, "Going for a broom so I can clean the room early in the morning." Then she closed the door and went softly up the creaking stairs. Arriving at No. 14, she gave the signal which was an excellent imitation of a cat in distress and was admitted. Silently she entered, crossed the room, cast a much-crumbled note in the water pitcher and bowing before the oracle, murmured a confession and then tumbled on the bed. Then came an explanation. Dick had donated a can of peaches. Also several boxes of strawberries were gifts of persons known only to the oracle. The plan was to stay up by all means until the returns came. Lights out, the fun began. The wind howled miserably and several times the creaking of the walls drove the girls under beds and into closets. Just in the midst of a blanket toss-up, there came a gentle tap on the door. In a few moments Ruth, rubbing her eyes and yawning, opened the door just a trifle expecting to see the matron. Convinced at once that she was mistaken she crossed the hall and found a crowd of Academy girls in the midst of field sports.

By two o'clock the girls were thoroughly disgusted. No word yet. Then they remembered that no one knew they were to be watching and waiting. To give vent to their disappointment Mildred emptied the water pitcher on the night watch as he passed beneath her window and then they laid down wherever they could for a little sleep. When the last breakfast bell rang they crawled out and went

down—a sorrowful looking crowd. After the young men had left the tables, the matron announced that some of the dishes and a vinegar cruet had been taken from one of the tables, would these be returned to her at once.

At half-past ten the bell for third floor rang and Ruth was asked to appear in the matron's room at once. Entering she was confronted by the sight of five sauce dishes containing the remnants of strawberries and a vinegar cruet smeared with salmon. Explanations were unnecessary. Strange to say, the penalty had already been fixed. For one whole month they were not to leave the campus. Also, strange to say, the names of the other conspirators were known to the matron. "Perhaps you wonder how I know," said Mrs.——. Ruth was silent. "Well, look," and she spread before the astonished girl's eyes a note, ornamented with a skull and cross-bones. It had been water-soaked but was still legible. Gradually the proceedings of the night came back and everything was clear to the dejected girl.

Did The Tables Turn?

H. K. R., '12

Once there was a Junior class.
The gents were styled "quite slow",
So the Senior lads did entertain
The "Junior gals", you know.

This was between terms—ah, yes, yes,
In the month of February,
But the Senior maids were never known
To be a bit contrary.

So round they hustled all day long,
They hurried and they ran
And when the evening came—behold!
Each had a Junior man.

And still the "campusites" exclaim,
(For so the story goes)
"A huge joke on the Junior gents—"
I wonder, now, who knows?

A Complication

CHAS. A. LEKER, '11

Jack Dayton was in love with Daisy Jackson. He had a poor reputation, but was trying to reform on account of his love for the girl, a bright, whimsical, sensible creature. Bruce Jennings, a fine young man, had for several years loved Jennie Raper, a pouting, blushing beauty. But Bruce now conceived the idea that he loved Jack's Daisy more than his own Jennie: and that is what caused all the trouble.

After a few weeks of rivalry between the two boys, matters became very interesting, not only for those immediately concerned, but for outside observers as well. Jennie was entirely forgotten, and many were the tears she shed for her departed lover. On the other hand, Pansy was always blessed with the company of one or the other of the young men. One day Jack would have full sway over his old time Daisy, the next day his new rival, Bruce, would cut him out. Both boys soon became so jealous of each other that they could hardly speak.

Well, to make a long story short, the boys decided that something had to be done: they could stand the strain no longer. One or the other of them must quit. Which was it to be? They tried to find some means of settling the difficulty. But that was hard to do, for each was afraid that anything, in the way of a physical contest to which he might agree, would give the other an advantage. In a wrestling match Jack might use the "choke hold" on Bruce and strangle him. In a boxing match Bruce might knock Jack out with a "Solar plexus" blow. A close friend of the two suggested that they let the girl settle it, but each of the boys felt that he would rather rely on his own strength and skill in some contest than to take chances on what might be in the girl's mind. Suddenly Bruce came forth with a happy suggestion. Why not let the coming tennis tournament decide which should quit going with Daisy? The two would probably be matched against each other in the finals of the tennis singles. Jack hesitated a moment; Bruce had been champion for two years, while he had never made tennis a specialty. But he was fast to learn; and something had to be done. He was getting desperate, the cold chills were creeping up and down his spinal column every day. Yes, he would agree to the proposition on condition that it be kept secret.

It was not long until the girls learned definitely that Jack and Bruce would be matched against each other in the finals, although they knew nothing of the boy's agreement. And immediately, Jennie, who had by no means given Bruce up, had the following conversation with Daisy.

"Daisy, you know you haven't any right to my Bruce, let me have him," said Jennie.

"No, I think I like him better than I do my Jack, and you can't have him," replied Daisy.

Jennie had expected this, and so went on, "Daisy, I'll make you a proposition, let's let the tennis tournament settle our love affair. I am to have Bruce if he wins; you may have him if Jack wins: What say you?"

Daisy accepted the offer for she believed that Jack would beat Bruce in the tennis; and if Jennie wanted to let her have Bruce, if Jack won, it was all right with her.

Thus were two agreements formed, the one contradictory to the other (and each made without the knowledge of the other). For instance, by the boys' agreement, Jack would get his Daisy Jackson all to himself again if he won, whereas the girls agreed that if Jack won Daisy was to have Bruce. Such a complication was enough to arouse anyone's curiosity.

The day for the contest came. A big crowd filled the grand stand, Bruce and Jack were on hand. Both were calm and confident, ready to do their best to get Daisy. Somehow Jack felt that the self-control which he had developed in breaking

some of his bad habits would now stand him in good stead. Daisy and Jennie were also on hand ready to see which was to have Bruce.

"Are you ready?" shouted the referee. "Play," was his command after affirmative responses. Jack began to serve and soon won the first game. Bruce then won his serve. The boys were evidencing a vim and enthusiasm which surprised the onlookers. Each won his serve twice more. Jack was playing much better than any one except Daisy had expected: she had wagered her right to Bruce on Jack's chance of winning. Soon the score was five to three in Bruce's favor; but the effort made him hot and nervous so that Jack by his steady playing was able to win two games also, making the score five all. "A deuce set!" shouted several from the grandstand. Excitement was high. Who would win? Why did not Bruce overcome Jack as he had overcome other competitors for the tennis cup? The crowd must cheer for him; perhaps that would help. (Most of the people wanted Bruce to win because they still held some animosity against Jack for some of his old time pranks.) The crowd cheered, and Bruce responded by winning the first set, in spite of the fact this added opposition did not cause Jack to lose control of him self.

Everyone except Daisy had expected Bruce to win so that a feeling of satisfaction and good will pervaded the crowd. Daisy herself, felt rather glad that Bruce had won, for it gave her pleasure to see him receive such hearty congratulations. Presently, however, Jack pressed by, and as he did so spoke a few words to her. "Daisy, I expect to win," was all he said, but the way he said it made her heart leap and caused her to feel that there was greater strength than she had ever imagined back of that steady voice; and by some whim, unexplainable psychologically, Daisy felt that her love for Bruce was only an infatuation.

The second set was even more closely contested than the first. Every game was carried to a deuce. The continued enthusiasm of the crowd however was helping Bruce to win. After the loss of two games Jack wondered if there would never be a cessation of Bruce's exceptional playing: he was beginning to fear the worst. Two more games were played, into which Jack put all the skill and effort of which he was capable; but still he lost. He felt that he might win over Bruce under ordinary circumstances, but the enthusiasm of the people was giving Bruce added ability.

"Four love!" called out the score keeper. "Four love, and I am master of the situation," muttered Bruce. Jack had begun to feel that everything and everybody was against him, and as he heard Bruce's remark, the seeming truth of it pierced him to the heart and made him so weak that he could hardly stand. Was there not one in that large throng of spectators who would give him a little sympathy? He looked up almost hopelessly. No, he could not find one. Jack dropped his racket and asked permission to get a drink. The request was granted. Must he play his last trump? Heretofore he had not dared to look at Daisy for fear that her attentention might be centered on Bruce; such would certainly have unnerved him.

But now he must know whether Daisy was favoring him or Bruce: her affection for him was now the only thing which could help him to win. During the set Daisy had been thinking hard and as her eyes met Jack's, she knew that she loved him and him only. Jack, as he saw her sympathetic look, grew pale, then blushed, and then slowly calmed himself. He wanted sympathy; he now had all he could desire.

By the time the game was on again Jack was keenly alive, if ever anyone was. He now had all the encouragement he wanted, and for Daisy's sake he must win. The games no longer went to deuce; Jack was winning now. One, two, three were won in quick succession—what had gone wrong with Bruce? the crowd cheered him as they had never cheered before, and Bruce again responded, but only for a short time. One game was all he could win. Jack would win the set; and he did.

As Jack was going to the opposite side of the court for the third set, Daisy whispered to him, "Jack, you must win." Little did she think now of her agreement with Jennie, that if Jack won, she, Daisy ,was to go to Bruce: No, she was carried away by the spirit of the contest, the enthusiasm of the tournament, and by her love for Jack.

The third set seemed to be a farce. Bruce went "all to pieces" as the onlookers put it. He had met his match, they said; and the crowd began to change its opinion of Jack. After Bruce had lost several games he paused. Was the girl worth the effort which it would take to win? He cast one long lingering look at Jennie, his old time sweetheart, and then one at Daisy. Yes, he loved Daisy the most: he would try to win. But all of his efforts were of no avail. Jack won the third set.

After a few cheers for the winner, and some consoling remarks to the loser, the crowd dispersed.

But lo! Suddenly a wail of woe was heard; some one was crying! Yes, two were sobbing as if their hearts would break.

What could it mean? Daisy and Jennie were weeping and causing all the commotion. Jack hastened to Daisy's side.

"What can I do for you?" he asked. But the more he tried to comfort her the more she wept. Meanwhile Bruce was standing a short distance away watching Jennie. He did not know whether to go to her or not. Finally he went. What could the matter be? "The agreement," wailed Daisy. "Oh, the agreement?" said Jack (thinking that she referred to the compact made by Bruce and himself.)

"Well, if I cannot have you as Bruce and I agreed, if I won, why I guess you can go to Bruce if you want to." Both girls sprang to their feet, a look of astonishment was on their faces. What! had the boys made an agreement, too! Soon matters were made clear, that according to the boys' agreement Daisy was to go to Jack because Jack had won, whereas, according to the girl's agreement Daisy was to go to Bruce because Jack had won. What under the sun was to be done? Such a complication puzzled them. Had the boys fought so hard in the contest only to have it all come to naught?

Jennie cast a longing glance at Bruce, Daisy cast one at Jack. The two boys were puzzled. "Oh my! Oh my! Oh my!" exclaimed Daisy, "I have it." "I want Jack and you want Bruce. If we call our agreement off all will be settled." "Are you willing, Jennie? The boys have nothing to say about our agreement."

"Yes, yes," sobbed Jennie. And away went Jack and Daisy, leaving the former champion and a pouting sweetheart alone to renew old ties of love as best they could.

An Ode To The Alarm Clock

(From the standpoint of a breakfast cook)

H. P. S.,

O, thou the harbinger of dawn,
Thou messenger of day,
Thy voice is shrill and keen and strong
And in my life holds sway.

And yet that sway is not of joy
Which me to duty calls,
For in sleep's chamber I would rest
And in dreams' mystic halls.

But yet life was not made for sleep,
And dreams, tho e'er so fair.
For hungry mouths were made to fill
With toast and postum rare.

And coffee, too, if that's their choice,
And rolls or biscuit right.
And so I heed thy stirring call,
Ere darkness turns to light.

Beneath the moon he told his love;
The color left her cheeks:
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It showed for several weeks.

"Capital punishment!" said the boy when the teacher seated him with a girl.

She took my roses, candy, fruit,
Or anything else I cared to send;
She took my fond and loving heart,
And then she took my rival in the end.

Toddle, toddle, little flirt
In your little hobble skirt
Try to run and you must jump
Then you'll get a dreadful bump.

Teddy was an orator,
His theme was prohibition;
He learned to talk with perfect ease,
To fill his one ambition.

It was not to bring him honor,
Neither glory nor renown:
But just to have success enough
To first win his own Towne.

The Dawn

C. A. L., '11

The rosy tinted morn awakes the skies,
The watchful stars recede with drooping eyes;
The freshness of the dawn bids night adieu,
The world is bathed in peace and life anew.

The lily lifts its pure unspotted head,
The pansy speaks from out its lowly bed,
The grasses frisk their growing, dewy blades,
The joy of living lisps on hill and glades.

The blue-bird flutters in a near-by tree,
The mocking bird sings on in joyful glee;
The watch dog gaps and yawns in calm content,
The cattle graze and low, yet ne'er lament.

Oh Man! Why linger long in worn distress?
Behold the wondrous morning's joyousness;
The morn, the life, the peace, for thee are grown,
Leap forth grave spirit and embrace thine own.

Youth and Age

D. M. T., '11

There is wine in the air, and a song on the breeze
And a wild fragrance bursts from the sod and the trees
And the river flows madly along.
My heart it is young,
My arm it is strong,
I long for the busy and hurrying throng,
So goodbye to my home on the hill.

The summer has come. On the long hot street,
The merciless rays of the sunlight beat,
As I toil at a task of my own.
But when day is done
And light is gone
My heart grows weary while all alone
I think of my home on the hill.

The winds are moaning thru shivering leaves
And rain is falling while nature grieves
O'er the bier where the summer is laid
No dreams lie ahead
My youth it is dead.
The world is dreary, and I am sad,
As I long for my home on the hill.

Not a leaf on the tree, not a song in the air,
The cold earth's bosom was brown and bare,
'Till the white snow buried it deep,
Your vigil keep
Ah, do not weep
But carry me back for my final sleep
To rest by my home on the hill.

(With apologies to Wordsworth.)

I wandered to the science Lab
  Within the walls of old Mackay,
When all at once I caught my nose,
  'Twas turtles that I smelt, they say.
Upon the stove, tied up in rags,
They boiled and sputtered in their bags.
  An odor worse than ancient eggs,
Of seething soap and turtle bones,
  It made me weak upon my legs,
To hear the Prof. in bustling tones,
  Say, "Bring your boards, and get your stew,
  'Tis late and we have much to do."
The sunlight brightly glanced while we
  Our turtles scraped with faces grim.
Professor smiled with learned glee
  Each tiny bone was dear to him.
And oft when all alone I muse,
  Of science and of learned things,
That odor rises to my nose,
  The image of a turtle springs.
And then I smile, if smile I can,
At memory of the bubbling pan.

"The June bug has the wings of gauze,
  The lightning bug of flame;
The bed bug has no wings at all,
  But he gets there just the same.

The June bug leaves the last of June,
  The lightning bug in May;
But the bed bug takes his bonnet off
  And says, 'I've come to stay.' "

THE NARVA FORUM

¶ All letters intended for publication in the "*Forum*" must deal with College life and be kept within 200 words. Jokes will also be printed if names are signed as an evidence of good faith—names will not be printed if request is made that they be omitted.

Men Admire the Beautiful

To the Editor of "The Narva."

Sir:—I am not pretty but happen to possess what my friends call a nice disposition. My male friends seem to appreciate this and always treat me very nice, but I'm afraid that looks is the only thing that counts nowadays. I am jolly, and yet my girl friend, who is good looking commands the attention. Why is it that looks come first with the male sex?

ANNIE.

(Looks probably does come first, but wit and intelligence closely follows. In the long run they last the longest and frequently win out over mere beauty.)

A "42" Lover

To the Editor of "The Narva."

Sir:—Will you please suggest thru your columns why it is the girls of our College are forbidden to play "42" and allowed to play Som' R Set?

INQUISITIVE.

(I should think the reason would be that in '42" there is a temptation to cheat which could not possibly occur in any other game.)

To Locate Letters

To the Editor of "The Narva."

Sir:—Can you tell me where I can find "Love Letters from a Musician"?

M. D.

(At the new dormitory.)

A Faculty Admirer

To the Editor of "The Narva".

Sirs:—The Faculty refuses to grant a holiday after the tenth consecutive debate victory. The students decide to take one anyway. Now, because I was the only Senior who went to class, they say I did it for grades. Do you not think I did right?

(I should say, that as it was purely a matter of principle with you, and as such a thing as winning a prize was never thot of, you have been unjustly abused.)

An Economical Problem

To the Editor of "The Narva".

Sir:—Will you please send me the answers to the following question: My pen is worth sixteen chickens, what is the price of one chicken?

JAMES MCCLURE MATTHEWS.

(Can a Senior answer?)

A Sought-for Senior

To the Editor of "The Narva".

Sir:—I am a Senior at Park College, a man of ability and extremely popular, especially among the softer sex, by whom I am much sought after. They, as a rule, disgust me and I do not care for any of them unless it be one in whose company I have found much pleasure playing tennis. Do you think I should encourage the attention of any of these girls or should I look further?

HARD-TO-PLEASE.

(Will a reader please answer?)

The Magnet That Draws

To the Editor of "The Narva".

Sirs:—I am twenty years of age, beautiful, attractive and talented. The other girls all are envious of me because I have so many suitors. I am only a Sophomore and yet three of them have already proposed to me. Please advise me how I can make them shun me instead of the other girls.

S. J.

(Try to be stupid and maybe you will cease to be unpleasantly popular.)

An extract from a Senior's thesis on the coal mine. Prof. Matthews had taken the Seniors thru the mine at Leavenworth and so expected a masterful production. We thus print a portion of the one which received the highest grade, as the Prof. is anxious that others should have some practical information about the coal mine:

Charlie must begin to work. "Charlie, here's a quarter. Go to the justice and tell him you're fourteen and that you want them papers fixed up." Charlie went and got the job by lying. Charlie was a coal picker. His hand soon began to bleed so Charlie bandaged his sore fingers and went to bed. "Charlie, you drive Jack," said the underground manager the next day. Jack had not seen the sum for two years. Charlie patted the old mule and soon the two were doing their required duties.

Charlie's father and mother had toiled all their lives trying to save a little to fall back upon in their old age. A dim smile crossed Charlie's face as he thot how some day he might do something to make conditions different.

Prof. Kerr: (In Chapel) "On Tuesday evening, Feb. 7, will come the annual band practice."

Two Significant Remarks

At New Dorm:—"Oh, Jack, I hate to have you work so hard classifying those bugs."

At Nickel: "Why Fred, that 'Harmony' is simply great."

How time will change a man! We understand James A. Loggins is now wearing the "purple and gold".

Prof. Lawrence: "Mr. Adams, give us one reason why you are studying Tennyson."

Ayres B.: "So that I may enjoy my own company."

As soon as the upstart begins to get uppish it is up to somebody to call him down.

Alumnus: "What is the meaning of all those people carrying suit cases to chapel?"
Chaplain: "That is the fashionable way of transporting Bibles and hymn books."

"What is plagiarism?"
"When Prof. Matthews says, 'Bless her dear heart,' to a girl in the Senior class, it is plagiarism to have Adams go to the New Dorm and say the same thing to the waiter."

Even the man of letters sometimes yields to the temptation to send a souvenir postal.

Preceptress: (On night of oratorical) "I don't know who that couple were but I told the young man to take the girl home immediately. Did you recognize them?"
"Why, yes. That was Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stevenson."

"Did everyone think the same way?"
"Everyone but Prof. Matthews, and the only reason he didn't was because everybody else did."

Prof. Findlay: "Mr. Irwin, define homotaxy."
Heinie: "Homotaxy is used to express identity in the stage of evolution as synchronism is used to express identity of time."
Prof.: "No, you haven't the idea at all. Miss Towne."
Dollie Mae: "Why, I think homotaxy is used to express identity in the stage of evolution as synchronism is used to express identity of time."
Prof.: "Yes, that is right."

Crane: "Say, Brim, aren't you going to Volunteer band?"
Fred: "No, I can't play anything."

Tempus fugit—let her fudge.

Prof. Wilson: "Mr. Harbaugh, now how do you study, in reality."
W. Marcus: "I don't remember."

For full particulars about calling on the Junior and one Sophomore of Mt. Zion, see Mr. William Wolfe.

"Hasn't Prof. Matthews pretty heavy work this term?"
"Yes, but he has both the Seniors and Sophomores in Economics and so saves considerable time by using the same jokes."

Park College certainly has the (W)right Guy to charm the musical instruments in Chapel and make the melodies.

If Dollie Towne sprained her ankle jumping at a tennis ball, how familiar it must have looked to have seen Teddy West-fall.

A bore—One who talks about herself when you want to talk about yourself.

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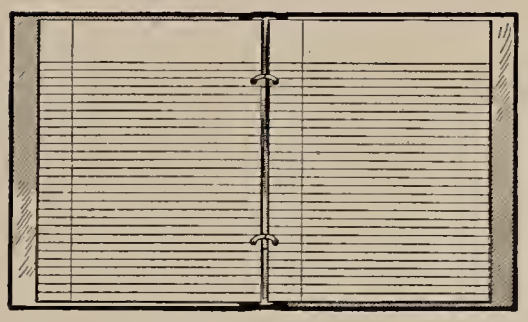

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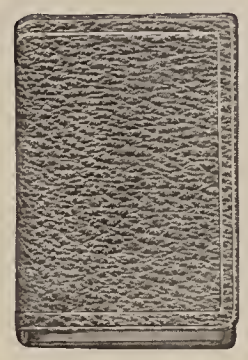

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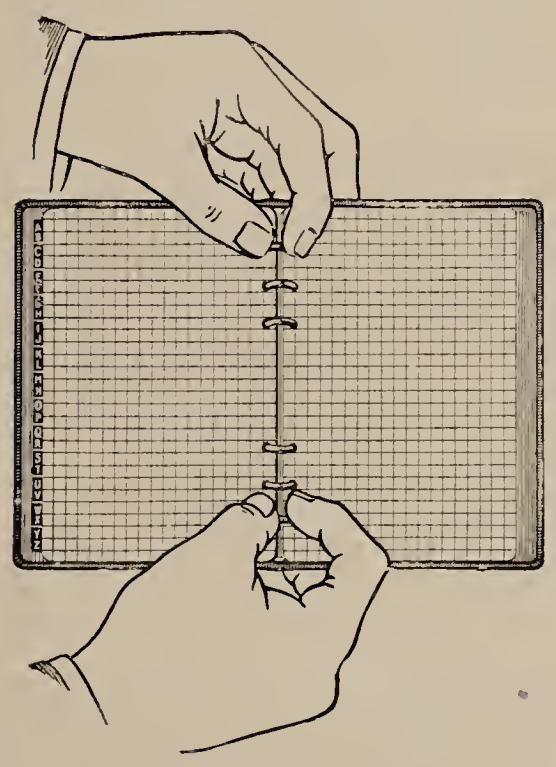

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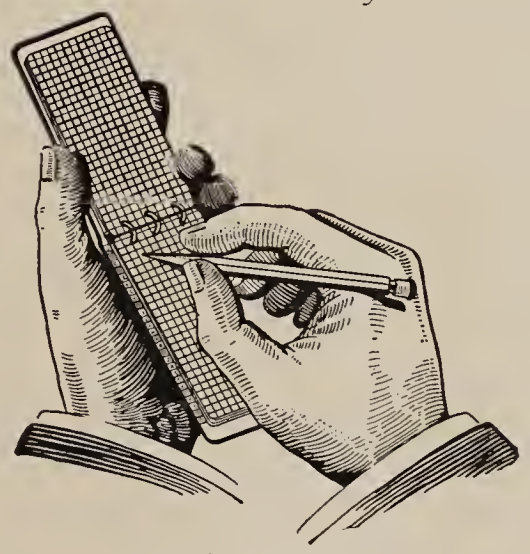

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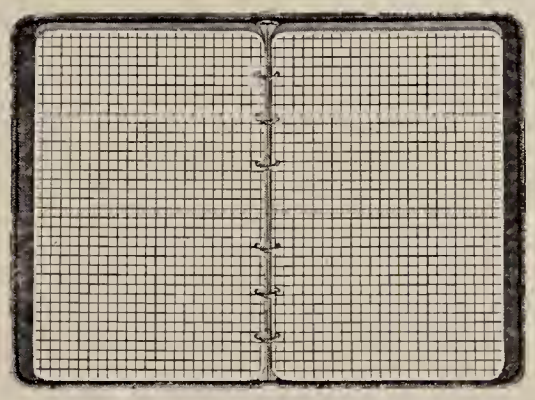

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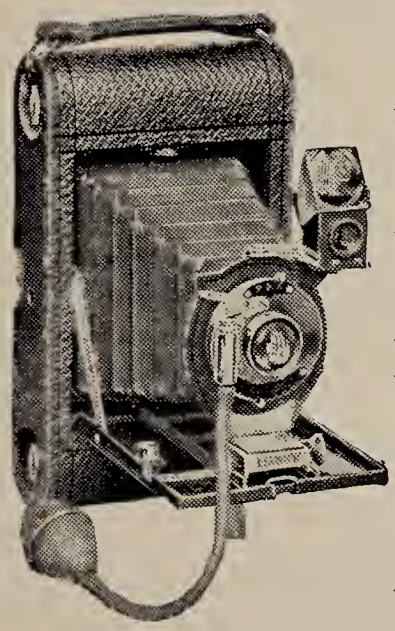

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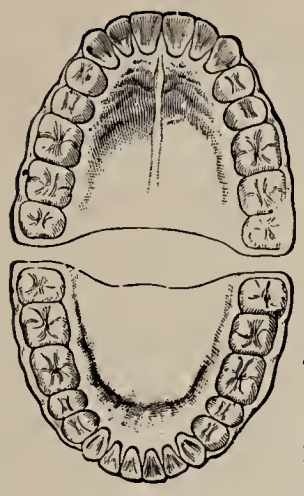

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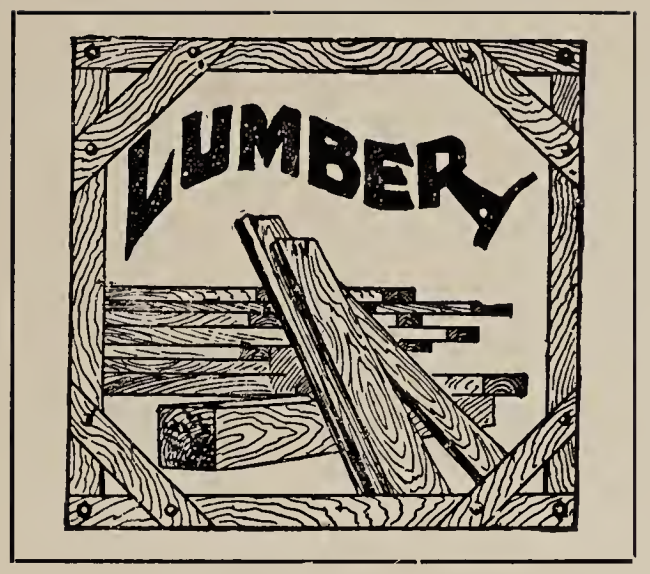

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